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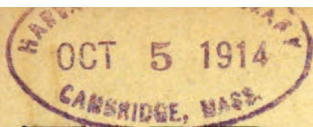


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THE HARVARD MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1914

GERMANY'S DISEASE

BY

NORMAN HAPGOOD

(*Editor of Harpers' Weekly*)

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1915

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VOL. LIX

No. 1

THE HARVARD MONTHLY

THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FOUNDED IN 1885

**The aim of the paper is to publish the best articles and
fiction written by students in the University**

**PUBLISHED BY
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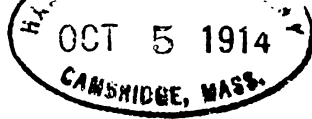
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THE
HARVARD MONTHLY

VOL. LIX.

OCTOBER, 1914

No. 1

GERMANY'S DISEASE

BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

THAT the Germans in the United States are not as American as they used to be is clear. Twenty years ago, they could scarcely have shown so much German feeling in a situation like the present. They could scarcely have echoed so uncritically the militant gospel that has been sent out from Prussia. They have felt the results of the propaganda so enthusiastically carried on by the Pan-German organizations,—a propaganda which is now bearing fruit everywhere and which had no small part in bringing on the present war.

To a person in a state of mind fit to weigh evidence, it must seem amazing that Germans of the type of Professor Francke and Professor Münsterberg of our own university, for example, can see the situation so differently from the mass of disinterested Americans, and indeed from the mass of neutrals all over the globe, with the exception of Turkey and Persia. If so many different kinds of people in so many different countries think one way, and our German-Americans think another way, and are particularly militant about their expressions, what is the explanation?

Professor Münsterberg is a psychologist, and it would be interesting to know his views on the probability that the whole world is crazy, as compared with the probability that the German mind has recently become subject to a contagious disease, which I believe is called "The illusion of greatness," "Megalomania," and by various other designations.

⁷¹ I never read a more feeble state document than the German "White Paper" put out in reply to the English "White Book," unless it is the later German paper giving the personal telegrams between

"Georgie," "William," "Henry," and "Nickie." In this the whole argument was based on an absurd distortion of a suggestion of Sir Edward Grey's, and the document does not take the trouble to mention what Sir Edward Grey's suggestion really was, any more than the preceding "White Paper" took the trouble to mention Belgium, or the fact that even Austria at the end agreed to Grey's proposal, which left Germany alone in rejecting it.

Americans are not children. They can scarcely be expected to be interested in the allegation that "Germany had absolute knowledge that France would have invaded Belgium if Germany had not." They want something besides "absolute knowledge." They can scarcely be expected to believe that Russia would have fought Germany anyway when England was willing to make herself responsible for her not doing so. They can scarcely accept with anything less than amusement the Kaiser's statement that he burned Louvain because the Belgians in it were so naughty to his soldiers. As I write these words, they are still waiting to hear the explanation of the use of airships for attacks on non-combatants. They have been horrified that, in 1914, not only professional military people in Germany but even teachers of sweetness and light should accept and proclaim the doctrine that the most solemn engagements of a nation ought to be laughed at and treated as scraps of paper, and that a nation which has been neutralized for the safety of the world, and which undertakes to defend its neutrality, can be crushed for the convenience of a warrior nation, its cities can be fined for defending themselves, or burned to the ground on the flimsiest pretexts.

I notice that Professor Francke has been endeavoring to support the rather diverting thesis that Germany has been doing everything possible to conciliate France, such as yielding in Morocco, and I cannot help wondering whether he really believes that her yielding was in order to please France.

Another instance of the sort of reasoning one gets into when this disease takes hold of him is illustrated by this quotation from Professor Francke:

"—every French writer, every French scholar, every French orator, except the Socialists, year in and year out has been dinning into the popular ear the one word revenge."

I read a good deal of French myself, and am therefore considerably surprised at the word "every," even if it is interpreted most charitably.

I have known Professor Francke and Professor Münsterberg for a long time, gained much from them, and admired them greatly. If I select them as examples, it is merely because they, being at Harvard, illustrate especially well for my purpose the fact that the mental state that has seized upon Germany is not one that the rest of the world can look upon as entirely sane.

The Germans have always been peculiarly docile. That trait has been pointed out by their great men for over a century. No class shows it more than the professors, which accounts for their prominence in the "Deutschland Ueber Alles" movement. A professor is at the head of the Pan-German League. Indeed, the League is honeycombed with professors. It was a professor, the famous historian Von Trietske, who had more influence than anyone else in fixing into the intellectual mind of Germany an inflated idea of destiny. His conception of the destiny of the Teuton was, to be sure, more limited in geography than the vision of the Pan-Germanists, but it was a jingo vision, and its effect has been enormous.

To my mind, Germany has actually led civilization recently in more lines than any other nation. This noble record increases the tragedy when she gets it into her head that it is her destiny to boss the world as well as to contribute her glorious share to civilization.

The world cannot be bossed. Overlooking that fact is the great mistake made by the various kinds of imperialists in Germany. Overlooking that fact also, and becoming excited with the dreams of greatness, accounts for the spectacle of the nation, so splendid in science and literature and business, lending itself to an ethical propaganda that horrifies the world.

Professor Francke speaks of a world-wide conspiracy against Germany. No, my much-admired Professor, a world-wide conspiracy never happens. The world, consisting of so many countries of different types with different interests, cannot act with unanimity unless in a cause that is most obviously right and for the general welfare.

There is a world-wide agreement, but it is not a conspiracy. When the war is over, and the War Party has gone the way of Napoleon, nothing will be more interesting than to see the splendid minds

of Germany working out the explanation and seeing straight again. I live in hopes of reading a treatise on the subject by Professor Münsterberg. Of course he does have a choice of topics between the insanity of Germany and the insanity of the universe, but if he chooses the insanity of one country he will not only have a thesis which is in itself more plausible but he will find the documents more accessible.



SCHERZO

By "X."

THE ride out to Green Spring Valley was hot and dusty, and the cool depths of Mr. Wyeth's porch, shaded with striped awnings and garnished with big wicker chairs, looked particularly alluring—a sort of summer shrine, so to speak, whose deity duly appeared in the shape of one Polly Harding, a New Yorker of the New Yorkers, garbed in the studied negligée the city girl assumes in *villeggiatura*. Everything about her was demure simplicity save her eyes.

"Wonderful!" said I, rising to meet the vision. "If anyone had asked me—at the Gordon's ball, for instance—whether Polly Harding had the makings of a Kate Greenaway girl in her, I'd have said, 'Certainly not!'"

"Don't be silly," she replied, in village-maiden tones. "Let the Gordon ball rest in peace with the other funeral baked meats. I'm a woman with a purpose now."

"Does the woman with a purpose put powder on her nose?" I inquired.

"You don't suppose I'm going to waste good complexion out here in the country when there's nobody around but Uncle Harry?"

"Don't I count?"

"How was I to know you were coming?" Polly evaded gracefully. "No, don't start for the sofa. That will come later—perhaps; as a reward for faithful service. You have much to do before then. As I said, I am a woman with a purpose."

"Which is—?"

"Chickens. Yesterday evening, just after arriving, I went all over the place with Uncle Harry and discovered lots of wonderful things. One of them is that I've missed my vocation. Nature intended me for a goose-girl. What do you mean by laughing?"

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "You were saying you found your vocation in the poultry yard. What then?"

"Well, Uncle Harry has given me a whole family of the loveliest white hens for my very own. I'm going to feed them and take care of them and raise lots of little ones——"

"You're spending the summer here, then?"

"No; I'm going to Narragansett next week. Why?"

"Never mind.—How long does it take eggs to hatch?"

"I don't know; a few days, I suppose. I've got a setting in this basket that I was just going to give the mother-hen when you came. That's what I want you to help me with. Do you know how to set a hen?"

"I can set a clock," I declared, valiantly.

Polly properly ignored this, and raised a charmingly futile pink parasol.

"Come along," she commanded. "No, you can't. Men always hold a parasol so they get the shade themselves. I'll let you take the eggs, though, if you're very careful."

"Polly," I said, "I came over to see you, not the hens. Why drag all the way down to the farm buildings on an afternoon like this, with those empty hammocks staring us in the face?"

"Can't you understand that I'm taking my chickens seriously?" she asked, as she started down the drive.

"Why not take me seriously instead?" I proposed, lingering hopefully in the shade.

"Impossible!" was the firm reply. I saw it was no use, and joined her. The way to the hen-houses modulated pleasantly through the garden, in full panoply of June—an old-fashioned go-as-you-please garden, where the slouching bumblebees blundered in and out of the foxgloves and the air was heavy with the odor of box and ten thousand flowers.

"What a nice old sun-dial!" I exclaimed. "See what the inscription reads—'Tarry while the sun-lit hours——' "

"On the other side," interrupted Polly, "it says, 'Tempus fugit.' The hen has been waiting a whole day for those eggs."

"You have no idea how those phlox set off the color of your cheeks," I ventured.

"Your words, sir, only prove you color-blind."

"——and those golden-brown wall-flowers over there by the hedge are exactly the shade of your eyes when the sun is in them."

"I resent being compared to wall-flowers in any way. Of course, you can stay here, if you wish," she said, flinging over her left shoulder one of those sidelong glances that she seems to have patented. No one else can make them, at any rate.

Thus progressed our pilgrimage to the barnyard. Polly led the way to a range of low, white buildings with wire pens in front of them.

"These are mine," she said, opening a wicket gate. "Aren't they darlings?"

"No," I denied, gloomily, as I watched the plethoric pullets come trotting toward us. "There is no modelling about a hen, and as for intelligence, she ranks with the amoeba. She is just a feathered, animated digestion——"

But Polly had gone into the chicken house—a neat, white-washed little affair smelling of lime, with roosts and a row of empty nest-boxes lined against the wall.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "The setting hen has gone away! I suppose that china nest-egg bored her. Isn't it too bad?"

"Do you think she'd go back if we put the eggs in the nest and left them there?" I ventured.

"I really don't know," confessed Polly. "In this enlightened age of incubators I can't see how any self-respecting hen could think of going through that stuffy setting business."

"Thank Heaven!" I said fervently. "The Uplift has not yet penetrated the poultry yard. Science offers the hen a loophole, but she scorns to escape her duties. It certainly won't do any harm to leave the eggs there, anyway."

"Perhaps if she saw them—oh, I have an idea!" cried Polly. "You catch the hen and put her down on the eggs and hold her there a little while! Wouldn't she want to set then?"

"Put yourself in her place, Polly," said I. "It's too delicate a bit of feminine psychology for me!"

In spite of herself, Polly smiled, and when she smiles you feel like a better man—even in a low-roofed hen-house, on a June day, with the thermometer 100° in the shade. She is dark and very slender; I once told her she looked like Lina Cavalieri—but that was before I had learned that a girl prefers to consider her own style of beauty unique.

After the smile she was all business again.

"Catch the hen, please," she ordered.

"Which one? They all look alike to me."

Polly was staggered for a moment; then her face brightened.

"It's that fat one over there!" she cried. "The one with the bad complexion. Be careful how you grab her!"

The fat one fixed a beady eye on me as I crept stealthily up behind. When I was almost upon her I thrust out blindly for her leg; my hand closed on empty air. I looked for the game, and discovered it standing dumpily by the fence—ten feet away. Polly was very much amused. I made another attempt on the hen, and still another, the only result being the utter dejection of my collar. The mere recollection of that chase makes me uncomfortably warm, so I shall omit various details that happened before I got the wretched fowl in a corner, seized her (with great loss of feathers), and held her up by the legs, while she fanned the air with her silly wings and emitted advanced Strauss harmonies.

"Well," I panted, "here she is. What am I going to do with her?"

"I don't know," admitted Polly. "You can't make her set while she's excited as that. You've pulled half her tail out, poor thing!"

Winged inspiration came to me.

"Once upon a time," I said, "I read in a book that the French peasants make their roosters hatch chickens simply by giving them some cognac and putting them on the eggs while they are—er—tight. When they recover, their memory has lapsed or something, and they go on setting indefinitely. What could be simpler? If you'll go up to the house and get a glass of sherry——"

"That would never do in the world," interrupted Polly. "Uncle Harry has such decided views on temperance that I couldn't think of leading his hens astray. She seems to be calmer now. Let's try her. Put her in the nest very gently, and hold the basket up in front so she can't get out."

Whether from exhaustion or devilishness, the fowl had stopped struggling. I carried her into the house (Polly following close behind), and placed her, still unprotesting, on the eggs, keeping hold of her horny feet until Polly got the basket into place. Then I let go. Everything happened so quickly the next minute that my impressions

are vague; I only recall that there was a crash, a whirl, a squawk from the hen, a scream from Polly as a feathered mass, dripping with yolks, flew out of the nest, ricocheted against Polly's white dress, and vanished into the yard.

Polly looked at me; I looked at Polly; then we both looked into the nest.

"Not one egg left," she said, dolefully. "It's an omelette."

"Scrambled, don't you think?" I suggested. "And by their own mother, too. The idea is almost morbid."

"Uncle Harry will never stop teasing me about this," sighed Polly, "and—oh, dear! look at my sleeve! Lend me your handkerchief, please.—No, thanks; I can do it myself. It seems to be very messy taking care of chickens."

"And very warm," I added. "Has the porch no charms for you now?"

"What made you suggest putting the hen on the eggs?" she asked, as we strolled up the lawn to the music of shrilling cicadas.

"Why, it seems to me——" I began. Then I stopped. If it hadn't been deliciously inconsistent, it wouldn't have been Polly.



POETRY FOR TODAY

BY ROBERT G. NATHAN.

A LONG time, big men ruled little men, and fought among themselves. They had small care to look about them; but the world was new and beautiful, and little men found poetry in living. They drove their goats to quiet fields beside the sea, and learned that grass is wet and sweet before the dawn. They learned that when evening comes the hills fade, and blue shadows creep through the trees to the sea that is still. They knew these things. The little men had no need of a poet to sing them.

The big men were very busy ruling and fighting among themselves. To them, also, life was good. There was joy in life—power or beauty as you will, but there was joy. Only about death they were a little doubtful. Was that good? If not, then was war good? The little men were particularly doubtful, for to them the good was beautiful—and war was not beautiful. Of death they knew nothing.

Such a state of affairs could not last. Big men were rulers, and for them good was power. War there must be, and death, that there might be more power and more good. But as I say, they were not sure of death, and the little men—the soldiers, who would die—were very dubious.

There was a need, and it was satisfied. Poets found themselves. They saw the beauty of war, of death, and they sang the life of the hero, the splendor of passion, the bravery of dying. The big men were delighted, and led out great armies. The little men were stirred and excited; they left their goats, and fought and died, and the poets prepared new verses.

War did not bring more power. It divided power unfairly, and a group of big men had all the good. The little men had long forgotten their meadows and their goats; to them there was no good. But there was strife between the big men and the little men, and the little men were miserable. Again there was a need, and again there came poets to fulfil it. They sang the old beauty.

The harm was done, and the golden age was over. Little men had heard that power was good, and they were not satisfied with dawn in the fields and the sea still. There arose poets of the little men, who boasted the glory of meekness. "It is good to be a little man," they sang. From the songs of those poets they builded a new religion, a new ethics, a new morality.

Time passed, and the people were warring for good—the big men for power, the little men for their religion. Death was a small thing, and so the poets sang of love. The little men had left the fields to be soldiers or merchants; great roads led to the town, and in the town was trade and talk of war. But poets sang of love. Then scholars found that life had flamed in Greece and Rome, and while men warred and loved, poets sang of gods and goddesses and goatherds piping to their flocks.

Living grew too strict, too musty-old. People were cramped in cities, and now there was but little need of moats and battlements. Men were living in the fields again, but they were different fields, far to the west; and in the dawning men slept. They were tired of war, and love they knew. There came a group of singers who found new beauty in the western fields and in the sea that was not still. They sang until folk tired of beauty, and then there came a group to cry the world as it was. "Surfeit of beauty—there are ugly places and women who are not good." And then poets became scientists and argued things in terms of chemistry.

.

Poetry flared into life because of need, and it is only need that kept it living. What is the poetry today and what is the need?

We of today have heard songs of war, of faith, of love. We have listened to romance, to realism, to naturalism. Romance we know only to be silly—the romantic singers of today are mere sentimentalists singing old songs in a high tenor that quavers with emotion and bad breathing. From them we have learned the vulgarity of moonlight, the inanity of a silent sea, the great-eyed foolishness of love. From present realists we hear that when the hills fade off at evening, mosquitoes sting; that men go crazy in the white moonlight; that love is terrible and disgusting. We are calmed by the naturalists who assure us that science can explain the sea when it is all great

waves; that the rights and wrongs of the brute who digs a ditch are of the first importance; that love is this and that reaction for this and that purpose.

We can never again be content as the old shepherds, when they drove their shaggy goats through the blue, wet fields in the morning. Power and faith challenged that good, and there was no more joy in it. We can never again be content like the young farmers of the west, for romance is killed to us, and we have learned that beauty is a sotted wench, bought for the gold of those who are ugly. Can we not cry, at last, "Surfeit of ugliness—give us what we may joy in!"

The need is there. "Give us what we may joy in!" It is for them that are poets to find new beauties that are true, or truths that are good. It is for them that are poets to sing the beauty of things we had learned were ugly, and the good of things we had thought were foul; to find old joys in new sorrows. It is for them to sing the romance of today—the romance of trains, of ships, of cities, of business and labor, of men oiling great machines that pulse at night. It is for them to see the beauty of the high buildings when it is noon and the great sirens are blowing. It is for them that are poets to find the beauty and the romance and the good of life that is today, and to sing those things, that men who are not poets may find life beautiful and good.



THE COURTESY OF WAR*

BY RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

IT is a common paradox of war that in the border towns one comes nearer to the heart of the country than anywhere else. It was my good fortune a few days ago to pass through the very typical French border town of Saint Julien, a mere village not far from Geneva.

My memories of Saint Julien are not wholly agreeable, as I succeeded in getting no farther towards America. I wandered there in an ill-timed effort to escape from the Swiss war-trap—as many Americans have come to call that hospitable little country. The first part of my wandering was in comparative comfort, for a rattling little tram, full of returning French soldiers and women, ran from Geneva to Perly. There were many sad minutes, I remember, before the tram pulled out of Geneva, many very haggard, drawn faces forced to tearful smiles, as a young Frenchman would cry, "My love to all the family, Mama—my love to them all!" or as another would keep up a brave chatter with his heart breaking.

A philosophical young French woman on the same seat with me shrugged her shoulders at these all too common sights.

"Of course it is sad, Monsieur," she said, winking down tears of her own. "But why think on it, eh? It is war—war; but can our tears stop the war? My husband wants me to come back to France to my family—and he wants me to be brave. It is by being brave we can help our husbands and brothers—eh?"

The poor girl did not look old enough to have been married more than a year. There are many such women in France. Their husbands ask them to be brave; so they are brave. They are the real heroes of this war.

This young woman encouraged me by the information that Saint Julien was only a kilometer from Perly.

"And Monsier will find a nice hotel—several of them—at Saint Julien, in case he has to wait a few days. Will there be trains in

* Copyright, 1914, by Richard Dana Skinner.

France? For civilians? Ah, Monsieur, how do I know? We know nothing in Switzerland of what happens in France. Only a few kilometers—but that is as good as a hundred now. It is war!”

Walking along the hot road from Perly to Saint Julien, with the odors of wheat and hay filling the air, with the rolling fields of France smiling in the radiant sunshine and the birds twittering peacefully here and there, it was hard to believe that it was really war. Only the grim line of the Swiss Landsturm behind us—there is a sort of confident humor in the eyes of those old men guarding the Swiss frontiers—could recall the tragedy that was appalling Europe.

My walking suit must have been faintly reminiscent of things German, for I received many curious glances as I entered Saint Julien. I took the precaution of speaking to the first inhabitant I met, to ask him the way to the railroad station. I trusted to my American accent to offset suspicion; and my trust was well placed. The man—fortunately he was old enough to escape military service—told me he was going to the station himself. Would I come with him? And would I put my heavy valise on the bars of his bicycle?

I accepted his offer without hesitation, and we trudged on toward the distant station. Although a civilian, he hoped to find a place on the next train, which he said was due in a few minutes. This, at least, sounded hopeful. We soon became good friends. Quite unnecessarily I told him my nationality, and where I had come from. When he heard that I had been in Austria, Italy and Switzerland in the space of a few days, he was all agog to get news from that mysterious region—the Outside World. No foreign newspapers were allowed in France, and nothing had come from Paris for some time.

Before I could tell much, we reached the station, and found it crowded with a good-natured lot of soldiers. The station master was round, jolly and altogether promising looking. But he did not quite come up to promise; for he sadly informed us that no civilians could be allowed on the trains.

“Orders, Monsieur—I am sorry. How? Oh, perhaps four days. perhaps ten, before civilians can travel. Monsieur wishes to return to his family in America? Ah, what a pity! If Monsieur were only a soldier—but orders must be obeyed. We are mobilizing four and a half million men—and under secret orders. There is no room for civilians.”

Then my friend of the bicycle conveyed the news that I had been in Italy and Austria. Unwillingly, I at once became the centre of an excited group. Did I really think Italy would remain neutral? If Italy only remained neutral, then France had a chance—yes, even a good chance!

I told them—what I had gathered from reading several Italian papers—that it would not be surprising if Italy soon sided with France—that she seemed to have no sympathy for Austria or Germany.

But my soldier friends thought this too good to be true. No. Italy could never side with France. But if she only remained neutral—that would be all France could hope for! Ah, yes, Italy had done a great thing. She was a wise and great nation!

One of the soldiers, with a glib tongue and a sadly unshaven face, took an especial interest in my plight and even suggested, *sotto voce*, that if I could only borrow a “livret,” or mobilization ticket, from one of the recruits, I could get on a train. Having a moderately good ear for my own defects of accent, I declined to accept this sage advice. The seriousness of the war and the preparations were already becoming more clear to me. My soldier then pressed me to take a drink with him. I venture to say he had but a few centimes to his name, yet he offered his hospitality with the air of a prince. My refusal must have been clumsy; but I could not have accepted with a clear conscience. Better let my friend keep his last few pennies—he might not have long to use them.

It took me some time to find the hotels in Saint Julien. They were hardly the conspicuous palaces I had been led to look for. The one I finally settled upon boasted proudly of a public bathroom. As this seemed to be considered a rare luxury, I thought the hotel worth investigating. A real inn it was, with bare, soft wood floors, a tavern on the ground floor giving onto the dusty road, and a number of little tables ranged under an overhanging roof. Only the proprietor’s wife and daughter-in-law were left in charge. The man and his son were already at the front. The two women looked competent—like all French peasant women; but they also looked sad.

“What an awful thing is war,” sighed the younger woman, as I sipped a lukewarm drink at one of the tables. “All our young men—all of them taken from us. Oh, dear—it is a sad day, Monsieur, a dreadfully sad day!”

And shading her eyes from the beating sun, she looked wistfully toward the distant frontier of Bellegarde, wondering, no doubt, what tragedy those hills were concealing from her.

A moment later, I had a vision of a blue coat and a pair of white trousers descending rapidly in my direction. It was a policeman—a policeman already with visions of glory as the captor of a German spy. Again my walking suit must have had a whiff of Germany about it.

"What is your nationality, Monsieur?" he demanded, brusquely enough.

"American," I answered meekly.

"And where are you going?"

"To America, as soon as I can get there."

He eyed me suspiciously. Was it possible to feign an English accent? Could I yet be a German?

"Have you your papers, Monsieur?"

I had been tempted to play a little on his suspicious fancy; but I began to see he was in no mood for delays. I promptly produced my passport. As it was in English, he had to eye it from several angles before being completely satisfied. At last he handed it back, saluted and withdrew.

Presently my young hostess brought out some formidable looking papers to sign—papers giving my name, occupation, destination, age, date and place of birth, and present means of subsistence. I was in the process of filling out these blanks, when the chief of police passed by. My hostess called him over. Passport and papers again, followed by the information that I should have to go to the mayor's office to get a permit to stay in the town. I was advised to go quickly. I did.

An obliging citizen—there were any number of obliging citizens in that little town—walked all the way to the town hall with me, for the express purpose of introducing me to the mayor. We found his Excellency seated in a dusty room before a much-battered table, and surrounded by five or six of his council. His Excellency, being grey, small and insignificant, crouched low in his chair and said nothing. He allowed members of his council to talk for him, and to refer deferentially to him as "the mayor." It better suited the dignity of the occasion.

Profiting by experience, I had my passport ready for inspection. It was solemnly passed about the table and, as usual, looked at from

different sides and ends. That seemed greatly to facilitate the reading of English.

"So you want to remain in Saint Julien, do you?" asked one of the council at length.

"On the contrary, I wish to leave it as soon as possible."

General surprise. "Then why do you want a *permis de sejour*?"

"Because there are no trains to take me away."

"But you can walk to Switzerland—it is only a short distance!"

"Very true—but I have just come from Switzerland. I am on my way to America."

"And you would really like to go to America?"

"Naturally—my wife is there, and knows nothing of my whereabouts."

French chivalry was now aroused. There was a woman in the case. The room—except for the mayor—became interested.

But one difficulty remained. Had I the necessary means of subsistence? It so happened I had only one hundred francs in French money. Somewhat uncertainly I named the sum, fearing it would not be enough.

I was too modest. My announcement produced a certain awe. A hundred francs was a veritable fortune at such a time. Certainly I might stay. And should my money ever give out, I might get employment either there or in Bellegarde.

I was conjuring up visions of acting as concierge to a deserted country inn, when a thin man with an unbelievably large black beard rushed into the room with a telegram in his hands.

"Messieurs," he cried, "France is in a state of siege. We are now under martial law!"

There was a moment's awed silence. Then my special friend in the council looked at me and shrugged his shoulders.

"The mayor no longer has authority, Monsieur," he explained. "If you wish to stay you will be under military surveillance at all times—you cannot go beyond the town limits."

I looked at my informant, then at the mayor. The latter was greatly crestfallen. His small grey insignificance was now more pitiable than ever. What can be more pathetic than a French official shorn of his officialdom!

I had little choice left. I knew rather better than my new provincial friends the helplessness of being stranded with only a hundred francs to last an indefinite period. At Geneva or Lausanne there was some hope of securing money in due time! at Saint Julien I could wave letters of credit and checks in their faces forever without the least result. My sole hope was plainly to return to Geneva and wait for better days.

Fifteen minutes later I paid my bill at the Hotel de France (of bathroom fame) and trudged sadly back towards Perly, my monstrous valise following me on the shoulders of an obliging boy. We were greeted on every hand by smiles and cheery wishes for—what irony!—a *bon voyage*.

Whenever I think of Saint Julien as the blank wall which blocked my way home, I think of it with regret. But in so far as it gave me a little taste of warring France, it is one of the pleasantest memories I hold. Placed near the frontier, itself threatened by possible invasion, and, at the time I was there, caught in the turmoil of the gigantic mobilization, the little village had good cause to treat intruding strangers harshly. Yet I encountered no cross words, no annoyed looks, not a single instance of lack of courtesy and, on the contrary, found a politeness and willingness to be of service far greater than in time of peace. My cheerful companion on the tram, the jolly station master who performed his duty rigidly but with evident regret, the glib soldier who would have liked to have me smuggle myself through France, the competent landlady of the Hotel de France and her equally competent but sad-faced daughter, the important chief of police, the little grey mayor and his talkative council, even the little boy who carried my valise back to Perly and whose father was of course at the front, possibly dead, one and all these good people are impressed on my mind and my feelings of gratitude as few others have ever been. They taught me by their simple kindness and generosity of spirit that there is another side to war than horror, and that such a life and death struggle can bring out the best as well as the worst in men. I shall not find it easy to forget, what we are often apt to forget, that there is such a thing, after all, as the courtesy of war.

THE COPPER DUKE

BY ROBERT G. DORT.

A SPRING rain was deluging Pisa. Streams of water poured down from the roofs into eavestroughs, shot into the streets, then, collecting, rushed down gutters in an ever-growing mass until they plunged into the muddy waters of the Arno.

It was the year 1190. The fuss and stir of the crusade was strongly felt, here in the Arno valley. Boats laden with war equipment—armor, harness and weapons—arrived daily at Pisa, come down the river from Florence. All day long the town was in an uproar—knights, squires, men-at-arms, haughty sages with plumed hats, going and coming. But on this day the rain was much too fierce for the fine clothes of the gentle-folk; the streets were empty save where a great-coated peasant sheltered himself behind the buttress of a house.

Bepi da Cacini was glad that the storm had come. Now the throngs of foolish women would cease coming to him for charms to protect their husbands and sons on the crusade! He would have time at last to work on the disheartening problem which had robbed his sleep for half a month.

For Bepi, you understand, was an alchemist famed throughout Pisa for his charms and his magical skill; and an alchemist of such fame has many trying problems to solve. People had seen Bepi do many wonderful things; they had even seen him make a liquid black as ink from two colorless liquids by simply pouring them together. It was not surprising, then, that his fame had come even to the Duke of Pisa. The unreasonableness of the Duke was the cause of Bepi's anxiety.

Now this duke had troubles of his own. Being a thoroughly unscrupulous man, he thought to save his corrupt soul by going on the crusade and by paying enormous sums of money towards the expenses of others. All the court jewelry as well as all the gold his crafty agents could collect throughout the dukedom had already been sent

away. By a mandatory edict, he proclaimed copper the standard coinage of his realm. He thought this would solve all his difficulties; but to his dismay he found that copper was almost as scarce as gold. For two weeks the people of Pisa traded in kind; foreign commerce almost ceased.

The Duke's treasurer then made a crafty suggestion. A previous duke had once used iron money. His people finding out how worthless it was had soon discarded it, however, and now the old coins lay stored in a remote corner of the palace in row upon row of stout leather bags. The bags were covered by a dense net of cobwebs, but the coins themselves, so the treasurer said, were still bright. Why not have the famous alchemist transmute that vast store of iron coin into copper?

The Duke of Pisa was ready to grasp at any chance and immediately had Bepi ordered before him.

"I command you, Bepi da Cacini," said the Duke, "to change every one of these iron coins into good red copper. If you fail, you shall suffer the death penalty as an impostor. I grant you one month to accomplish this task."

The frightened Bepi's remonstrances were cut short. He left the presence of the Duke sick at heart. His worthy wife tried to comfort him as best she could, and then hurried off to say many prayers in the white and black striped interior of the cathedral.

Bepi had now worked with no result for two weeks. On this rainy afternoon his last client, a workman wishing to get rid of a wart, had disappeared in a blinding sheet of rain round a near corner. Bepi was alone. He gave a long sigh and turned into the gloomy half-darkness of his laboratory.

It was a weird place. The narrow barred windows let in but little of the dull outside light. From the ceiling hung a strange stuffed beast, half fish, half animal, which seemed almost to move in the dimness. On the far side of the room a wide chimney hood of brick disappeared into the black vaulting of the high ceiling. Red fires gleamed from the grates, and reflected on the steam escaping from bubbling concoctions in a small army of curved black retorts. A parchment book, heavily bound in calfskin and brass, lay open on a stone table near one of the windows. On the pages were curious signs—half-moons, suns, and unintelligible creations of lines and curves. The great leather

bags of iron money from the Duke's treasury were piled in a gloomy corner of the room.

Bepi opened a door of the furnace and threw in some short billets of wood. The red light sprang out upon his thoughtful, crafty face. He was not an old man; rather one would have called him young. Turning from the fire he pattered for a few minutes among the retorts and stills, adding here and there a few drops of an evil-smelling mixture from a little pug-nosed jug. Then he lighted the two wicks of a graceful Roman lamp, and sat down to study the mysterious parchment book.

While he was thus engaged, searching for the mystic formula to save his own life and the duke's finances, the heavy door at the end of the laboratory opened, and Nina, Bepi's littlest girl—black haired, brown eyed, cheeks rosy against her olive skin—pattered across the tile floor. She did not speak, but pulled gently at the alchemist's sleeve. Bepi, deep in his study, neither heard her nor felt her touch.

Nina watched him for a moment in silence, and then with childish curiosity began to examine the things in the room. To one side was a big earthen jar which at once caught her attention. It was filled to the brim with a dark liquid. Three weeks before, Bepi had thrown many handfuls of blue crystals into the jar and added water. Since the distressing command of the duke, the jar had been set aside and forgotten.

Nina put her little finger to her mouth thoughtfully, and eyed the jar. Only a few minutes before she had been sailing toy boats in a fine pool which the rain had formed in the porter's lodge. Of course, she had gotten wet and her mother had made her stop and change to dry clothes. Now here was another nice pool and no danger of getting her knees wet! What was she to sail in it?

Looking around the room, she spied a small scoop-shaped instrument of thin sheet-iron lying on the floor. It was highly polished and looked as if it would make a splendid boat. She picked it up and deftly set it on the surface of the liquid. For an instant it floated, then sank with a "glug." Nina grabbed for it wildly, wetting her sleeve to the shoulder. The shock of the cold liquid made her give a muffled scream. She cowered down by the big jar in fright.

Bepi was startled from his brown study and at once investigated. He hauled the luckless Nina to her mother and more dry clothes.

Then he went back to his books, thankful that his little girl had not tasted the deadly poison.

Two days later the alchemist was still as far as ever from making the great discovery so necessary to his life. He had become almost desperate, for the time was growing short. With him in the laboratory was his son Giovanni, a lad of eighteen. Giovanni was busy heating a pot at the furnace. The liquid inside seethed and whirled. The boy watched it closely, and then, wishing to add some brown earth from a nearby box, he looked for the sheet-iron scoop. He hunted in every corner of the room, but it was not to be found. At length, he ventured to interrupt his father who, as usual, was pouring over the great parchment book.

"I need the bright iron scoop," he explained. "I left it on the floor a few days ago."

At first Bepi was annoyed.

"How should I know where your scoop has gone?" he said. "Can I think of scoops when my life is in danger? Learn to be orderly, boy!"

"But I am working to change iron to copper, too," urged the boy, "and I need the scoop."

Bepi already repented his crossness, for at heart he was a kindly man. Moreover, he had just remembered Nina's accident when attempting to sail this very scoop.

"Look in the jar of blue-crystal water, son," he said more gently. "Nina dropped it there."

The boy plunged his arm to the bottom of the great jar, grasped the scoop and raised it, the dark blue solution running in tiny streams from his brown skin. As he brought the scoop into the light he uttered a cry of surprise.

"Father, look!" he cried.

He carried the dripping scoop to Bepi, who had turned very impatiently. Then Bepi, too, cried out in surprise. The scoop was no longer silvery bright but a dull orange red.

"My son, my son!" cried Bepi, rapturously embracing Giovanni. "We are saved! Look! The iron has become copper!"

With feverish haste the alchemist tore open the mouth of one of the sealed leather bags and snatched a handful of the iron coins. Then, tremblingly, he dropped them into the jar of blue-crystal water.

They waited in an agony of suspense twenty—thirty minutes. Then he let Giovanni plunge his long arm to the bottom once more and bring up the coins. Each was colored a deep copper red.

Four days long Bepi and Giovanni scarcely slept. The iron coins were dumped into the blue-crystal water, which had been poured into every vessel in the laboratory, were changed to the color of copper, dried on the furnace and put back in the great leather bags. As each fresh bag was filled, Bepi's smile became broader and broader, and while the two men worked, Bepi's wife, instead of being cross and snappish as she had been for days, went around the house singing, and occasionally thrust her head into the laboratory to see how the work was progressing. Those were happy days for Bepi.

A week before the month was up, each shiny coin had been coppered and put back in the bags. The money was then taken to the Duke. Now the Duke was superstitious and Bepi's skill frightened him. He barely looked at the coins, and, satisfied that they were copper, he ordered them put in circulation the next morning. Then he released Bepi from all possible penalty, and instead rewarded him with the few pieces of gold that were left in his treasury. With a mountain of copper, what further need had he of gold?

Bepi joyfully returned to his house, where, from force of habit, he went into the laboratory. On the floor lay the precious iron scoop which had saved his life. The firelight reflected on its copper surface in two small points, like eyes. Bepi took the scoop in his hands, caressing it and turning it about.

Then a strange thing happened. Bepi's face became rigid, as if from a great fear. He ran quickly to the window and held the scoop up to the light.

The inside of the bowl was still a dull copper-red; so was part of the outside. But across it was a wide band of iron color where the thin copper coating had peeled off.

Then Bepi realized for the first time what he had done. He had not changed iron into copper at all, but had merely coated the iron with a copper film. The alchemist's face was an odd study. For an instant it showed blank fear; then a shrewd, keen light came into his eyes, and a slow smile spread about his mouth. He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth the gold coins the Duke had rashly given him.

"The copper coins won't be given out till tomorrow morning!" he muttered, looking at the gold glitter and laughing softly.

With gold, one could manage anything in Pisa that year. Bepi's new plans were thus easy to execute. That night as the great bells in the campanile rang out ten o'clock, Bepi, still smiling, with his wife, Giovanni, Nina and her two older sisters, all boarded a long, heavy boat which was moored in the dark shadows of one of the bridges. Their belongings of all kinds were on board the barge already, more than half the space being filled with Bepi's mysterious apparatus.

Giovanni cast off, and the clumsy craft swung slowly and silently down stream on the sluggish moonlit Arno. The town, where the houses projected over the river, was soon left behind in its veil of shadow light. By the next morning, when the copper coins of the Duke were being taken from their bags, Bepi's whole family had safely embarked on a ship for Nice.

The Duke's money—the "copper duke" he has since been called in derision—was hailed with delight by the people of Pisa. It meant a return of trade and a new prosperity. The Duke himself went off to the wars amid loudly enthusiastic cheers.

But a few days later when the copper coating began to wear off the new coins, an anger seized on the people of Pisa such as they had never felt before. They stormed the empty palace of the Duke and demanded justice. But the Duke himself was far on his way to the Holy Land, from where he never returned. Some say he was killed. This may be so; but there is a legend in the da Cacini family—who are no longer alchemists—which says differently.



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EDITORIAL

SHALL HARVARD MENACE NEUTRALITY?

WHILE more than half the civilized world is transfixed by war, Harvard University must pursue her normal routine with as much hypocritical calmness as she can muster.

It is certainly hypocritical to disregard the war entirely, to pretend that we have no opinions about it; yet, if Harvard is not to menace the neutrality of the United States, how is she to avoid this hypocrisy?

To make any mention of the war is to pull forth the hatchet—or the spade, as you prefer—in a most alarming manner. For have we not, at Harvard, men with thoughts of their own and a tremendous eagerness to express them?

At such a time as this, men with thoughts of their own are in a deplorable position. They are asked to be silent; yet they must fairly tremble with suppressed thoughts. Who can blame them, if the war is once set in the forum, for casting forth these suppressed demons?

Ex-president Eliot has already given many of his thoughts to the country. So have other Harvard professors. Mr. Eliot's thoughts are admirable. In time of peace they would flatter our democratic pride inordinately. But now they are as dangerous to our neutrality as steel blades.

They are, like blades, weapons for others to use. They cannot be carelessly thrown on the ground for passing diplomats to snatch up.

Ex-president Eliot declares that as a nation we can have no sympathy with the battle of autocracy.

Now, autocratic Russia is an ally of democratic France and England. Is the United States anxious to cut this alliance in two? Does the United States wish to present a sword to German diplomacy with which to cut this alliance?

Autocratic Germany and Austria are allied (at the moment of writing) with democratic Italy. Does the United States wish to see this alliance severed also?

Yet Ex-president Eliot's words mean that we can have no sympathy with the Allies, as a whole, since Russia is one of them.

They also mean that we can have no sympathy with Italy, if she is drawn to war, because she is allied with German autocracy.

Mr. Eliot, like other noted Harvard men, has great influence. His words, appearing in foreign journals, would be taken as almost official. They would be taken as a measure of the country.

The foreign diplomats in Washington would also listen carefully to Mr. Eliot. The Russian ambassador would listen to him. So, too, the German and Austrian ambassadors would listen to him. And all three might be inclined to accept his judgment.

Would this help our national neutrality? Will Russia be pleased to learn that we have no sympathy with her, and France to learn that we have no sympathy with her powerful ally?

Will Germany be pleased to learn of our hatred for autocracy? and will she enjoy having Italy learn this—her paper ally, democratic Italy?

And do Russia and Germany and Austria care so much for our neutrality that they would hesitate to use the words of our great men as instruments for separating their allied opponents?

German and Russian diplomats both know the full force of jealousy. They both know how easily jealousy can be pricked into life by the sword of suggestion.

Ex-president Eliot—among many others, of course—seems only too willing to place the sword of suggestion in their hands. And the sword is double-edged.

But will France be grateful to us, as a neutral people, for this act? Or will Germany be grateful if the sword is used against her?

Instead of retaining the friendship of all, we shall make a dozen new enmities. Instead of speeding the war to a finish, we shall help to prolong it.

Of course, rather than imperil our neutrality and prolong the war, our prominent Harvard men would willingly remain silent. For the future, they would rather pretend to ignore the war.

The issue for the coming year is clear cut. Either Harvard men of influence must remain silent—in which case they are avowedly hypocrites—or they must speak their thoughts and endanger our neutrality.

Which shall it be?

THE LATEST EXPERIMENT

How delightful it is to watch big experiments!

The bank of the Charles river is to be Harvard's most important laboratory this year, and the experiment conducted there is for the public to watch.

Are the Freshman dormitories meant to increase the democracy of Harvard? Is that the object of the experiment?

The question is important, for some of us wish to see more democracy and others wish to see far less than at present—that is, if democracy means a levelling of all standards.

If the whole Freshman class feels itself obliged to go out for football, it would be a calamity. Yet the more "democratic" a college becomes, the more of its freshmen go out for football.

That is because American democracy is unlike any other democracy that we know of. American democracy—if you are to gather its spirit from significant every-day events—balks at the eccentric.

American democracy—quite outside of government, of course—is a tremendous tyrant. It forbids æsthetics as unmanly. It condemns letters as foggyism. It shuns music—good music—as high falutin. It leaves little but untamed skyscrapers, "red blood" fiction, and a poor level of musical comedy to satisfy the cravings of what it chooses to call real men.

There is another type of democracy—which Harvard already has—the democracy of tolerance. The essence of this democracy is respect, respect for the beliefs, ideals and tastes of others. It may be individually intolerant (for each man should believe his own choice right) but its collective tolerance is inspiring.

Harvard already has a democracy of respect. Each man can follow his chosen line without meeting the laughter or jeers of his neighbors. We want all we can secure of this democracy.

But the typical American democracy, the intolerant democracy, the kind that makes a weakling go out for football rather than be jeered at—we want none of this.

Which democracy will the Freshman dormitories produce? Will the fact that a man is under observation at every moment increase or lessen his independence? Will it increase or lessen the respect his neighbors have for him and his beliefs?

Fortunately the experiment is to be publicly conducted. Our best wishes to the subjects of the experiment!



HERE AND THERE

A VISITING lecturer was greatly chagrined last year when he had gazed on the flowers of Harvard's architecture. "My favorite weapon against ——— University has always been to tell them that no college in the country had so incongruous a set of buildings. I spoke from inexperience; Harvard has broken my weapon!"

We are reasonably proud of the Widener library as a building by itself; but we are rather dreading a second visit from this caustic lecturer.

* * * *

The Deutscher Verein might follow the example of similar organizations and conduct a series of lectures this fall on "German Culture *vs.* French Barbarism." They would find a number of able lecturers only too willing to aid their scheme.

The Cercle Français should of course respond (in keeping with American fairness) by some lectures on—let us say—"French Militarism *vs.* German Peace-Love." We can guarantee that both sets of lectures would be well attended. The idea presents but one difficulty: the Cercle Français might not be able to find any Frenchmen left in this country to lecture.

* * * *

Germany has recently protested against the menace of French militarism and Belgian atrocity.

We suggest that since the chief export of Luxembourg has been roses, Emperor William might reasonably claim that the Grand Duchy has long been a thorn in the side of Europe.

* * * *

Think what a bad year this has been for politics on all sides! Consider:

First. That Sir Edward Carson, who came very near making a name for himself in Ulster, has been completely lost sight of.

Second. That Emmeline Pankhurst has been obliged to permit the reopening of the National Gallery in London.

Third. That Madame Caillaux, who almost reëstablished her husband in the French Ministry by being acquitted, has had to become once more a Charlotte Corday strictly *pot-au-feu*.

Fourth. That no one will care to listen any longer to the leaders of that excellent organization, the Harvard Socialist Club.

And this death of politics is due to nothing but a war!

* * * *

Naïve flattery is most appreciated by the would-be-greats. Some are already bold enough to suggest that Emperor William might be sent to Elba after his short vacation in France.

This is quite unnecessary. It would only promote the new triumvirate of Napoleon, William—*und Gott*. Far better (speaking impartially) for a Hohenzollern to become just a plain citizen.

* * * *

A slight disablement of certain German tenors would materially improve next year's Wagner season.

Unfortunately, German conductors, baritones and bassos must fight as well as tenors.

* * * *

It is worth remembering that German soldiers have hearts as well as other men—also that they have wives and children and a country to defend. Some of us are apt to forget this!

* * * *

It will be a trifle difficult to find candidates for the Nobel Peace Prize this year.

* * * *

What will be the latest advance of this "enlightened age"?

BOOK REVIEWS

The Gilded Chrysalis, by Gertrude Pahlow. (Duffield & Co.)

Gertrude Pahlow is a new novelist with the new novelist's inevitable fault and many virtues which the new novelist seldom exhibits.

Cicely, the Gilded Chrysalis, who marries a New England college professor after being trained for the life of a diplomatist's wife, is a girl we are glad to have met. Our authoress achieves eminent success in keeping a measure of our sympathy for this unfortunate young creature. Cicely is headstrong, has no sense of proportion, is sensitive to the last degree, has no sense of humor (despite the author's intention that she should have) and is, of course, far from being a fully developed woman. She is a girl and a sadly spoiled girl at that. She is easily led by flattery, but never by persuasion. Her pride would be hard to measure. Yet withal we have a great deal of sympathy for her, which is all the more remarkable as we have unbounded sympathy at the same time for her husband.

The fault which mars the book is the too evident attempt to teach a very wholesome and (in itself) refreshing lesson. A book which "The Gilded Chrysalis" recalls is "The House of Lynch" by Leonard Merrick. But Merrick's treatment of an analogous situation (not an original situation, we must admit) is far superior. Merrick knows the value of a suggested moral. Gertrude Pahlow feels it necessary to teach the moral directly through the mouthpiece of Mrs. Briggs—a very lovable character, by the way. Mrs. Briggs is not naturally "preachy," and it is a decided misfortune that she should have to do the double work of being object lesson and teacher.

As a too obvious sermon on the "road to happiness," the plot of the novel is also too obvious at all stages. The author shows her hand too early in the story. The cleverly drawn characters of the college circle are exhibited with too much sympathy. Mrs. Davidson, with all her preachiness, is spoken of as noble. Mrs. Kaltenborn, who is surprised to find her dresses wearing out after ten years of faithful service, is a staunch friend indeed to a most perverse Cicely.

The author would have shown more *finesse* by leaving the merits of the various characters to the reader's judgment. The same object would have been accomplished with far less inevitableness. One always hates to be told the conclusions one must draw.

There are minor faults of technique, too, in this book. Cicely's alleged sense of humor (one knows the author intends her to be possessed thereof) is, as I have said, a failure. Some people develop a sense of humor by crushing their sensitiveness. But Cicely is always so sensitive that her whimsicalness is plainly fictitious. Her eyes often "dance" when one knows perfectly well that they never danced at all.

These minor faults are the more evident for the excellence of much of the book. The characterization (except for Mrs. Briggs and at times Cicely herself) is quite unusual. The plot is one greatly to interest all faculty brides. The book were best not given to the young professors themselves, however; for the author has too much sympathy for them. It is a woman's book, written by a woman for women, and can do a great deal of good, although if taken too seriously it might make one self-centered. It has exaggerations, the plot becomes at moments very improbable; yet one enjoys nearly every page of it. As a first novel, its quality is excellent, and its faults are only those which promise greater virtues to come.

The publishers have not been very kind to the author in giving the book a frontispiece. The injury is doubled by printing the frontispiece on the paper cover. I call attention to this only in the cause of all authors. An illustration that does not suit the character cuts the circulation of a book—especially a first book—by twenty-five per cent. Gertrude Pahlow's really charming heroine deserves much better treatment.

D.

Writing to Sell, by Edwin Wildman. (Wildman Magazine and News Service.)

This is a little book we take pleasure in recommending. The title suggests the object of Mr. Wildman quite clearly. He says nothing about "fine" writing (unless it is to warn the commercial writer against it) and says a great deal about saleable writing, the kind that is fitted for publication in the magazines of large circulation, in the daily and Sunday newspapers, and in their magazine sections.

Mr. Wildman sets the example by making no attempt at elegance or accuracy in his own writing. His pages are rather full of the "bromide" phrases he condemns. But he succeeds in his purpose . . . which is to tell the young and inexperienced writer in a simple, easy, conversational manner about methods and structure in popular writing, about making a "popular" appeal, about the technique of "feature stories," magazine special articles, interviews and "human" writing. He is a good man to have tell these things, as his experience is large.

Considering that he cautions careful preparation in all writing, we wonder what fiend possessed him when he wrote: "Keep your heavy stuff sugar-coated, grease the axles of your wheels of construction with simple language, drop in adroitly your facts, leap quickly into color environment that makes him (the reader) feel and hold the reader tightly in your mind's grasp, on, on, as you unfold . . ."

But that is enough. Mr. Wildman lost control of himself. Even in popular writing he would never advocate such a complication of metaphors. Fortunately, this passage is not a fair sample of the whole book, which, we repeat, it is a pleasure to recommend.

The Book of Athletics. Edited by Paul Withington. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.)

This book reached us too late for a review this month. From a hasty glance, we think it promises to be most interesting, and shall take pleasure in reviewing it for the next issue.



FANCIES**THREE NOCTURNES**

BY B. P. CLARK, JR.

I.

The sky is infinitely pale and vast,
For the moon is in the east,
Like a silver lamp in a dim blue room;
The hills and woods are splotched
With gray shadows, like a child's painting,
And the trees are slender, ghostlike things
In a great silence . . .
Only the waves on the shore, splash
Very softly and far away.
A small white wind
Flees through the tops of the cedars,
And the shadows move, and are still again.
And now, even the waves make no sound,
For the tide has turned in the river,
And the water is silent.

2.

Smoke blue silence,
Over the gray sky and sea,
And down in the meadow of silver cobwebs,
The crickets sing faintly,
And the fireflies drift,
Like golden sparks through the dim night;
The wind is soft as a child's breath
On my cheek,
And as quiet as a child's whispering
In the cedars.

There is a crimson light far out to sea,
Rising and dipping gently . . .
Being tonight,
It is surely a fairy ship,
Laden with gold and pearls.

3.

The sky is the colour of mist on the hills,
And the stars are very faint;
The waves wash restlessly along the shore,
Where a cool gray wind
Is stealing in from the bay.
Down in the deep shadows
The fireflies flash
Like little stars gone mad,
And the points of the cedars sway
Against the cool, white moon in the east;
A bat swoops down, and flashes away,—
The spirit of the restless night;
And very faintly
Comes the scent of wood-smoke
Across the water . . .



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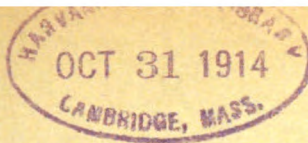
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BY

KUNO FRANCKE

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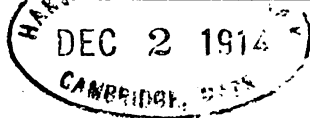
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THE

HARVARD MONTHLY

VOL. I, IX.

DECEMBER, 1914

No. 3

MODERN STAGECRAFT

BY HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

THE attic floor of a flimsy stable on a crooked side street just a step from a great university—this sounds like a place where artists might haunt and plot revolutions. Mr. Sam Hume, with his exhibition of modern stage scenery in his studio in Church Street, Cambridge, has fulfilled these romantic conditions. And I for one believe that the appropriate revolution will presently be forthcoming. Mr. Hume's exhibition was a purely amateur affair, arranged because of his spirited interest in the subject, and addressed to those who in some measure shared his enthusiasm. The visitors (and they were numerous) were chiefly those who have cultivated the theatre in a somewhat abstract and cultural way—members of the Drama League, readers of modern plays, actors in amateur dramatic societies, and the like.

This exhibition was in all probability the first of its kind in this country. It is a sign of the utmost significance to the American commercial theater. Yet, needless to say, the commercial managers did not attend in any numbers, or show any concern over the matter. But this was not because they were stupid, even though the event should have been of the greatest concern to them. They are not stupid, on the whole. They are even in many cases sincerely interested in the welfare of art. No, their lack of interest was not due to the fact that they are stupid, but to the fact that they mind their own business. Their business is to produce results in the theatre here and now, and audiences as yet have little use for the new staging. If they had been minding their children's business they would have been obliged to visit and study Mr. Hume's exhi-

bition, for the new stage movement is still, in this country, a thing of the future. And it is one of my favorite reasons against private ownership of social instruments—this fact that the private owner cannot afford to mind his children's business. Any great social institution exists chiefly for our children. There will be more of them than there are of us and they will continue longer. In Germany, where most of the theatres are publicly owned, the children's business is better attended to. The Dresden Royal Theatre was built at immense cost to last half a century or more. A New York theatre is superannuated in five years. A German Intendant who will not "waste" money in experimentation soon leaves in disgrace. An American manager who dares experiment does so on pain of bankruptcy.

But, of course, the new staging is coming. Theatrical managers (or their children) will adopt it because the present methods will have been shattered by their own clumsiness. And when it comes, it must be full grown, ready to step in of itself and take charge of the stage. And since, as I have said, it can't grow up in the timid American theatre, it must be nurtured through the childhood period by the enthusiasts—just such enthusiasts as Mr. and Mrs. Hume and the other young American artists whose work I am going to describe briefly. It must be fed and fussed with by the high-brows, members of the Drama Leagues and amateur theatrical societies. All the while the practical theatre people will scorn it. But let us here render thanks to the high-brows, who, I believe, have been receiving less than their due.

Such "impractical" experimental work as this is just what should spring up in a university town. One of the glorious things about a university is that it doesn't need to be practical; it can sit down and smoke its pipe in front of the fire. Such pipe-dreaming we might have hoped for from the "Harvard school of play-writing." But this "school" has chosen to reject its one overwhelming advantage, and has thrust its head straight into the lobster palaces of Broadway. No vision but the box-office, no culture but a bookful of short-cuts to success. The results of Harvard play-writing have not been inspiring. At bottom not one of these lime-light students has faith in the thing he has to give. Not one has that fine ability of the true artist, the ability to wait.

But this ability to wait and smoke pipes distinguishes the young scene designers who are the moving spirits in Mr. Hume's exhibition. Mr. Platt worked for nearly ten years at his specialty and then was delighted at the opportunity to work without pay on the cramped stage of the Toy Theatre. Mr. Hume studied and worked for years, from pure joy of it, without seeing anything like a commercial order in the dimmest distance. These artists spend long and dreary days sawing boards, pounding tacks, and fussing with foolish little pieces of cloth and string. This is the sort of work that should come from a university centre. And this is why Mr. Hume's exhibition is of interest and significance not only to amateurs of the stage, but to Harvard as well.

The exhibition was amazingly comprehensive. Pretty nearly every type of experimental scene setting was represented by one or more panels. The realism and the fantasy of Max Reinhardt, the naturalism and stylization of the Moscow Art Theatre, the symbolism of the St. Petersburg group, the atmospheric scenes of Adolph Appia, the "relief-stage" of Professor Fuchs's Künstler-theater at Munich, the color-sensualism of Bakst, the quaint conventionalization of Granville Barker's Shakespeare, the dynamic daring of Gordon Craig's designs—all these and many more were amply illustrated on the improvised walls of the stable-attic. There were pictures and architects' plans of modern European theatres, and rare and authoritative books on technical and æsthetic branches of theatric art. There were a score or more of models, fully set up and lighted, showing the intermediate stage between the first sketch and the finished scene. There was a miniature stage, equipped with a "Schiebebühne" and a domed cyclorama, showing in actual operation many of the precious tricks of modern lighting. And finally there was, in sketch and model, ample illustration of the work of the young American scene designers, who I want to describe briefly in this article.

These men are Mr. Hume, Mr. Livingston Platt, Mr. Robert E. Jones, Mr. Pember, and Mr. Monroe Hewlett. Doubtless there are others who were not represented at the exhibition (through no fault of the organizers) but certainly this list of names will be among the most prominent when the new staging gets control of the American theatre. Some of the work is frankly immature or

experimental. But on the whole it is finished and stageworthy, and each of the artists I have mentioned can rank as a capable and original craftsman.

Mr. Hume, who worked under Gordon Craig in Italy and has been largely influenced by his ideas, has a keen sense for spacing and design. His work shows that longing for simplicity which comes over every artist at some stage of his development, and must be present in every artistic age if the art of the time is not to degenerate into cheap display. He works with the most elemental means—chiefly clean masses, straight lines, and simple drapes. The spirit of conventionalization is over all. But though not a single curve may appear in one of his designs, the picture does not lack suave grace and refinement. The very simplicity of the elements used makes it possible to gain effects with a finesse that would be impossible to more obviously delicate means. And one of the wonders of modern staging becomes evident in certain of his settings—I mean, the fact that with purely abstract elements you can achieve a definite and precise mood. A slight rearrangement of your elements and your mood is quite altered. The result is often an ethereal poetry like that which the musician evokes out of *his* abstract material—tone. It is the more poetic because it is not literal, just as with music. It demands in its manipulation that quality which perhaps more than any other distinguishes the artist—the faculty of selection.

Mr. Platt's method of attacking his problem is less conventional. Mr. Platt cares no more than Mr. Hume about reality as such, but he builds a palace that might conceivably be a palace in Persia or India. He makes more extensive use of color and detail in design. He depends very largely on his lights for his full color effect. His contrasting of soft tones is sometimes astonishingly beautiful. He is extremely adept at choosing a *motif* and repeating it throughout the design so as to give each picture its individuality and its appropriateness to the play for which it was imagined. His materials, which are of great variety, are chosen from the character and mood of the play with which he is working. The execution is that of the artist who feels keenly nuance of color and finesse of detail. Mr. Platt's work is familiar to Boston audiences from the settings he has designed for the Toy and Castle Square theatres, and for Miss Anglin's Shakespearean series.

Mr. Jones, who has been working in Reinhardt's Deutsches Theater in Berlin, has the German feeling for luxuriant though discreet color, and in addition something which the Deutsches productions sometimes fail to show—a feeling for soft line. His tones, used flatly and somewhat conventionalized and exaggerated in the German style, show originality and fancy. At times his outlines flow in a manner that suggests Italy rather than Prussia. His feeling for costumes, for styles, for fabrics and color in the concrete is unusually sensitive. Yet he has somehow caught the popular note, and each of his designs contains some simple and striking quality of appeal. But Mr. Jones's finished output has been comparatively slight and much of his excellence is promise rather than fulfilment.

Mr. Pember, whose work at the Toy Theatre has sometimes achieved marvels on that small stage, shows a striking talent for making out of an ordinary scene a beautiful one. In the simple interiors which he has chiefly been called upon to do he has managed to arrange the commonplace details into a unified and pictorial whole. The beauty of the picture is often enhanced by his somewhat impressionistic addition of color in effective places. Mr. Hewlett, who is represented by his settings for Miss Adams' production of "Chanticleer," did unusual things with gauze curtains, giving a striking illusion of atmospheric depth and at the same time disposing his masses into a restful design. The work of Mr. Josef Urban, of the Boston Opera House, is shown in generous quantity at Mr. Hume's exhibition. Its dignity and magnificence, its striking "pointillage" color, its resourcefulness in matters of significant detail, are too well known to Boston audiences to need more than mention here.

This exhibition, at which one can get a complete bird's-eye view of the modern European stage movement, is a significant thing for Harvard. It is truly a child of the University though it has no connection with anything in the curriculum. It proves that our often disappointed vision of Harvard as a place where valuable dreaming and experimenting might be fostered in peace and retirement was not misplaced. It gives promise of more dreaming and more experimenting which the outside world will later feel to the full.

A SQUIRREL

BY HARTLEY ANDERSON

I saw a merry squirrel afrisk by Emerson;
He sleeked along the ground, sniffing the leaves,
And peered for nuts—Fall's benison—
And divers secrets sly and much invisible.
He seemed to shiver, and he capered so
With fluent tail—he seemed to know
Some fairy hint, some fleet emprise,—as though
Each squirrel had bents that made him wise.

But that my friend had work upon, could I deny?
Withal he seemed so scatterbrained—a jest in fur:
He found a chestnut in a twinkling of an eye,
Ran up a tree-trunk and stood upturned,
With foolish pert aplomb and lifted head.
Assured, he dropped; and, in the skirting garden bed,
Buried this treasure in a covered place; then said:
"This stand us all in stead 'gainst winter's face."

Suddenly a steady step came thundering—
A heavy step, around the pathway turn.
It was the President of Harvard College,
Walking quick past with manly grace, in deep concern.
Unwitted fled the little squirrel far down the lawn,
And I, in glancing back saw him withdrawn
And tail up-curved, thinking his poor bequest
To Harvard archives by great Lowell blessed.

THE POET OF CORDALE

BY R. DOS PASSOS

THE little man alighted from his buggy and hurried into the house. He was hot and flustered; for the July night was absolutely airless, and the thought that he was late had made him perspire. He had realized suddenly only a few minutes before that his wife would probably be waiting dinner for him.

Corby Hardwick was a mistake, a changeling. Outwardly he was a moderately prosperous rural "traveling man," a stout, precise little person; inwardly he was a poet. Nature had constructed a commercial traveler, perfect in every way—his art in wheedling people into purchases amounted to genius; then, by some whimsical freak, she had added a sense of rhythm. Though he knew it not, he possessed an ear of extreme delicacy, which gave him a limitless uncriticising fondness for poetry, for melody. And that was why this man of business had dallied by the roadside to recite passages, whose meaning he hardly understood, but whose form he loved, from the verses of a certain Persian philosopher.

When he entered the bare hall of the house, letting the screen door slam behind him, he was met by his stout, shrill-voiced wife. After a perfunctory embrace, they went into the dining-room, a musty, low-ceilinged place, where lingered the odors of departed meals.

"Wal, Corby, I just knew you'd be late, so I had my supper. What kep' you so long?"

She moved the lamp over to the dining table where a single place was set.

"Oh, I don't know," dreamily answered her husband, seating himself. Mrs. Hardwick poured some milk out of a brown glazed pitcher for him:

"As under cover of departing day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan away,
Once more within the Potter's House alone
I stood, surrounded by the shapes of day."

Waving it rhetorically, Corby put it back on the table, saying: "Ain't that lovely poetry, Sue?"

"Now don't start that stuff soon as ye git home. Its enough to make a person sick the way you carry on with that poetry stuff of yours," Mrs. Hardwick answered unappreciatively.

"But poetry is——" he paused, "Poetry is the Mother of Civilization!" He finished the sentence with éclat, and went on eating.

"Did you have a good trip?" asked his wife, ignoring the last remark.

"Yes, I did, certain, I made some fine sales up to Readville." He eagerly told her about the orders he had received for his firm; the poet had vanished, and the shrewd drummer for the Philadelphia Hardware Company had taken his place.

"Oh, but Corb, I forgot to tell you," she broke in suddenly. "Reverend Beals was over today to see you. He said they wanted you ter recite some po'try at the Speakin' they're giving in the town hall the Fourth."

"That's grand!" cried Hardwick, smiling with pleasure and importance. "They won't regret it, I tell ye. What shall I give 'em?"

"You don't mean to tell me you're going to be fool enough to go over there, and get up on a platform before all that crowd, and you so shy and easy ter upset?"

"Why, of course; this is what I've been waiting for, a chance to let folks know how beautitful poetry really is. Why, half that bunch don't even read the po'ms in the Cordale Chronicle! Yes, ma'am, I'm going." He went out of the room, leaving his wife to clatter angrily with the dishes as she cleared the table.

"That fool man," she muttered, "he'll git skeered to death; before half the country, too."

Hardwick returned with a slightly soiled anthology.

"I could give them

'Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, oh sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.' "

He stood with his chest out, his hands clasped behind him. The light shone on his bald head and on the hard, worn features of his wife. But, as he recited, his eyes grew dim, his round features took expression; his voice filled the ugly room with a cadence of

sound. Without knowing why, he was feeling in every fibre the emotion of the poet. He ended the poem in a soft whisper.

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

"No, that won't do," said his wife in her matter-of-fact voice, "you'd better give 'em something sort of patriotic."

"I could recite 'Barbara Frietchie,'" Hardwick replied, after a moment's thought. "That's kind of nice, but it don't have the grandness of Omar."

"Don't you go recitin' any of that new-fangled stuff you're so stuck on lately. It ain't even respectable. I'm surprised at ye, Corby Hardwick, for havin' that book round the house."

And so it was decided that "Barbara Frietchie" was suitable to the poetic taste of Cordale. A dozen times, at least, as the Fourth of July approached, did Corby repeat the immortal ballad over to his wife to make sure he had not forgotten it; so that, when the fateful morning arrived, he felt that he could have recited it backward if necessary. Still, he was in a fever of excitement when the Fourth, with its noise and holiday bustle, came, bringing with it a day of stifling, lifeless heat.

He took a long while in dressing and shaving that morning, and Susan had to call him twice before he finally came to breakfast at table. He found he could eat nothing; his coffee seemed to have no flavor.

"Why, Corb, you haven't eat a thing!" cried his wife, as she finished her hurried meal; "and there's all that biscuit I got up special to make, 'cause it was the Fourth."

Corb smiled apologetically, and tried to eat one.

"I can't eat," he said finally, "I'm too excited. Sue, don't you think I could git out of it, that reciting?"

"'Deed you could not. Do you want to disgrace yourself an' me too? Now you've took the job, you've got to keep it. I told you you wasn't fit."

"If I could just recite some Omar, I know folks 'ld like it, but take my truth, 'Barbara Frietchie' ain't much in my opinion."

Sue shrugged her shoulders, and began to clear the table as an indication that the discussion was closed. After a while she came back to find Corby sitting by the window with a small brown volume.

"Are you reading that stuff again? You're just pigheaded enough to go and recite it this evenin' after all I've told you."

"Well, what harm 'd it do?"

"Indeed, I don't know what's got into you since you got that book. Can't you see it ain't respectable? Here you're goin' to recite before the Temperance Union and the minister and all, and you want to give 'em that stuff all about wine and liquor. They'd run ye out of town if you did it, an' I'd be disgraced in my husband."

"But it's symbolical."

"I don't want to know what it is. Mr. Beals wouldn't like it, an' that's enough for me."

This was unanswerable, so Hardwick, much disturbed, retired to the barn, where he recited once more the ubiquitous "Barbara Frietchie." The day seemed flying by with relentless speed; each instant brought him nearer the great ordeal. Still it was a pleasing excitement, which gave him a feeling of importance he had never had before. A hundred times he pictured the scene as it would be—the crowded town hall, the platform, Mr. Beals in his black coat, the clapping . . . Perhaps they'd ask him to recite something more! Then a secret resolution formed in the breast of Corby Hardwick, who, like most mild people, had his share of obstinacy.

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The great hour had arrived. The town hall was filled to overflowing with people, perspiring under the discomfort of their best coats. The windows, through which the lifeless summer breeze barely penetrated, were occupied by small, struggling boys. There was a great scraping of chairs and clearing of throats, mingled with the vague anticipatory murmur of conversation. Important-looking individuals darted through the crowd, silencing noisy children, and finding front seats for the more important citizens.

Then one of the black-coated gentlemen on the platform got up, amid an awed silence, and spoke for a long while in a patriotic voice. He sat down amid great clapping. Next, four ladies sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" with equal success. All the while Corby was sitting nervously beside the editor of the Cordale Chronicle. His hands felt cold and clumsy, and the high collar hurt his neck. He tried to listen to the speeches and singing, but could think of nothing but "Barbara Frietchie."

At last the time came. Corby stood up amid the usual applause. For a moment he felt a dreadful weakness, a paralysis of all his muscles, but before he knew it he was reciting the first verse in a loud, rather husky voice. The poem seemed to come of its own accord; nervousness left him. He was watching the people now, trying with all his might to arouse their emotion. Everyone seemed interested; even the small boys in the windows were quiet. He came to the end, and recited clearly and solemnly:

"And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Fredericktown."

There was a storm of applause. People got up and shouted. In the midst of the noise one of the important gentlemen came up and whispered in his ear.

"Fine, sir, fine! We're proud of you. They want another po'm," then he shook Hardwick's hand vigorously. At this there was more clapping, and when it had subsided Hardwick, his face beaming, addressed the audience:

"Ladies—and Gentlemen. I thank you—for your—for your kindness. I have been asked to . . . for an encore." His voice was drowned by the cheering. Only the end of the speech was heard. "—the Astronomer Poet of Persia."

The audience looked puzzled, but clapped valiantly. The small boys in the windows were especially vociferous. But Mrs. Hardwick, in the front row, sat staring straight before her, as if nerving herself for an ordeal. Then she tried desperately to catch her husband's eye.

But Corby had started joyously:

"Wake, for the sun who scattered into flight,
The stars before him from the field of night . . ."

All was going well; the audience listened attentively. Mr. Beals, the pastor, looked with ecstasy towards the dusty rafters. Corby was reciting well; his voice, which had lost its hoarseness, was pure and deep. He did not see the perspiring audience; he no longer felt the heat; his collar was forgotten—

". . . And David's lips are locked, but in divine
High piping Pehlevé, with wine, wine, wine,
Red wine, the nightingale cries to the rose. . . ."

Hardwick's voice filled the crowded hall; he was completely happy. His soul seemed soaring in rhythmic waves of sound.

But the audience was becoming restless. A look of shocked surprise had come in every face. Mr. Beals sat bolt upright, tapping nervously with his foot.

. . . "Come, fill the cup, and in the Fire of Spring
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling. . . ."

There was a growing unrest in the hall; chairs scraped; people moved about uncomfortably. Mr. Beals was whispering angrily to his neighbor. Some of the gentlemen on the platform had risen.

Suddenly Hardwick saw his wife's face. It wore a look of terror; she was dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief. The room seemed to reel about him; he realized the confusion, the cause of it. His voice faltered; he tried vainly to think of something to say. For a minute he stood there frightened, trembling. The room was in uproar now; people were talking excitedly, a few stared at him in wonder. Mr. Beals came up to him.

"Mr. Hardwick——" he began in an exasperated voice.

But Corby did not wait to hear what he had to say; he tottered to the door and out into the blazing sunlight. Automatically he found his horse and buggy, and drove slowly away. On the seat was a little brown volume, on which the dust had settled. He hurled it into a roadside copse of wilted shrubs. After a while the horse stood still, as he felt the reins dragging in the road. The Poet of Cordale sat hunched up in the middle of the little vehicle, sobbing.

PSYCHE

BY HARTLEY ANDERSON

The silly, piercé form is dust alone,—
Yet still the ravished butterfly
Floats on the spirit breeze, unknown,
Adown its sloping fields and native sky.

IS THERE A PSYCHOLOGY OF STYLE ?

BY BEN SION TRYNIN

STYLE—so intangible and complex! Philosophers and Stylists for centuries have tried to untie this Gordian knot and now comes the Psychologist with his scalpel knife and says he will cut it!

Style is a knotted and marvelous secret. Plato thought it unraveled when he wrote in his *Phædrus*, “. . . until a man knows of what he is writing, . . . until a man knows to discover the different means of speech . . . adapted to different natures . . . he is unable to handle his presentation according to the rules of Art.” Aristotle was prone to agree with his master; for he, too, in his treatise on Rhetoric, believed in appropriate Style. Clearness and simplicity and pleasantness were the perfume and essence of writing. Restraint, dignified unbombastic restraint, was the plea for the Sublime by Longinus. Style, to the ancient philosophers, was beautiful in its fragrant form.

“Le stil, c’est l’homme,” cried Buffon before the French Academicians; and the clang was echoed by Voltaire in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* of the age. But pseudo-classic decorous restraint was entirely overthrown by Coleridge, and the cult of Romantic freedom found its dictum in Schopenhauer’s “Style is the physiognomy of the mind.” As we think so we write—is the opinion of the nineteenth century theorists, De Quincey, Walter Pater, and Stevenson.

But these were words, words, words! in the opinion of Herbert Spencer, and he wrote a *Philosophy of Style*—all philosophy and no style!—to pierce the Gordian knot by one heartless stab. Style to him is not Art; it is a cold and mechanical Science. He does not revel in beautiful images but dissects them in frigid analysis. That Style is best, that easiest paints the best pictures. That Style is best, as he tells us, that “economizes most our attention.”

And so his knife runs through the knot!

And his new method, the method of experiment, has been plunged into the Appreciation of Art; even our own University is a devotee of Psychological Aesthetics!

Style is no more a knotted and marvelous secret; it has been laid open in the name of a "problem," and psychologists are probing into the eye, the ear, and the mind with unrelenting industry.

They peer into the depths of the mouth, and behold the mellifluous sentence gliding through the channels of the ears and tumbling silently over the motionless pearly rows of teeth; and the psychologists record it in their notebooks as the "Impression of Physiological Suggestion."

They peer into the depths of the mind and see there a fitting panorama of illuminating landscapes, of stirring colors, and stiffening winds, and they record in their notebooks the "Impression of Mental Suggestion."

They even grope back into history and search out the roots of language. They find that *hiss* was our fathers' imitation of the deadly sound of the serpent, and *Oh* is the cry of terror when the serpent bit into the heel. This they record in their notebooks as the Onomatopoeic, the Ejaculatory and the what not-together embraced in the heading, "Impression of Philological Suggestion."

Then they take the word *thirst* and subject it to analyzation. They see, as it skims before the open eye, the image of one famished of dryness. They feel as it glides through the inner ear the muscles of the tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth. And they notice, upon peering into the past, that primitive man—before the advent of philologists—hissed thus in guttural distress when far from the springs of fresh water.

And then the psychologists, gathering the loose threads of their impressions, laugh at Plato and Aristotle and Longinus, at Buffon and Voltaire and at Schopenhauer, and ravel their threads round and round Style, the form that was beautiful.

They have taken the scalpel of science and have plunged into the knot of the fine arts; and before they withdraw it they will have seen that, though they have cut the Gordian knot, they have so again entangled the severed threads that the knot is more inextricable than ever!

Then they will record again in their notebooks, but this time it will be, "The probabilities of approximation have failed us!"

OUT OF THE BENGALI

BY E. E. CUMMINGS

I spoke to thee with a smile
And thou didst not answer.
Thy mouth is as a chord
Of crimson music.

 Come hither,
O Thou. Is life not a smile?

I spoke to thee with a song
And thou didst not listen.
Thine eyes are as a vase
Of divine silence.

 Come hither,
O Thou. Is life not a song?

I spoke to thee with a soul
And thou didst not wonder.
Thy face is as a dream
Locked in white fragrance.

 Come hither,
O Thou. Is life not love?

I speak to thee with a sword
And thou art silent.
Thy breast is as a tomb
Softer than flowers.

 Come hither,
O Thou. Is love not death?

THE GIRL THAT ADVERTISED

BY ARTHUR WILSON

MR. BILL lapsed into the only comfortable morris with that cheerful sense of precedence which characterizes the Tired Business Man at home. He settled lower and lower, while his feet, attached to legs of unnecessary length, waved up to the mantel and took hold with some art. He surveyed this achievement with the most admirable satisfaction expressed in every freckle of his brown face.

"Well, yes," he piped off, in a rather surprisingly shrill voice, "same old rocky Hah-vad, what?"

The Ophidian glanced up from his book. His eyes, at first abstract, gathered suddenly in two points of humorous sparkle. "Here is something apropos," he grunted briefly, and read aloud from one of the evening papers

WANTED AT ONCE, for reasons: A tall Harvard student, preferably a Gold Coaster, who is interested in fudge and kittens, and has a large sense of humor. The applicant must have brown hair, brown eyes, but no moustache of any color. *And*—he must answer on his club stationery, and give the name and age of his car. Globe Office, Box O.

Mr. Bill swooped forward. "Let me see it with my own optics," he cried, in his bright, extravagant manner. He snatched up the paper. "Flatten me out," said he, "if it ain't right there. It's a description of me, except the moustache. Brown hair and eyes, and that. What's it all about?"

"Presumably a stalk for coin," said the Ophidian, who was the brains of the establishment. "Somebody's little lost sister is using her head, that's all."

Mr. Bill swept the air with his long arms. "I am it," he shouted gleefully. "I am it."

"I thought so, you bally ass," commented the Ophidian, sinking into his book. "You would call on the man in the moon if you thought he had a daughter."

"You should worry," laughed Mr. Bill, as he gathered his writing materials. "I'll shanghai this little thing off," he added, stroking his silky moustache, "in the morning." He wrote hastily for a moment. "How is this?" he queried.

Box O.—I am the very delightful person you want, and if you'll ring up Cambridge 1352-5, I can prove it.

The Ophidian admitted that was rather good for a letter. It would insure prompt connections at any rate. So Mr. Bill went out and mailed it.

Next morning at nine o'clock a mystic rite was performed in the rooms of Mr. William Dare, otherwise Mr. Bill, of Harvard, when that gentleman, with many flourishes of a little wand of sharp steel, caused the hair to vanish from his upper lip. He viewed himself in the mirror. An expression of horror came into his face. *She might not ring him up after all.* And then? Why, then his little curled-up moustache, the pride of his youth, would be gone for nothing. It was a very sad thought. In the midst of which, the telephone set up a wild ting-a-ling.

"Hello, hello, hello," sang the exuberant Mr. Bill. "Is that you? Honest? The girl that advertises? . . . I thought so, and you are a perfectly wonderful sport. . . . For one thing, I like your voice. . . . Ha! ha! ha! . . . Yes, this is Mr. Bill, at your sweet service. . . . Where? . . . Oh, yes. And when? . . . I'll do my desperately best. . . . If the old wheezer comes up to scratch. . . . Yep, in half an hour. So long."

With a nasal sound expressive of great enamour, Mr. Bill relinquished the telephone, and standing up before his icy roommate, described in wide pantomimic curves an armful of girl. Then he caught up his pipe and balmacaan. "I'm off," he shouted, "and believe me, some kid, that is—*some kid.*" And he went springing off through the door on rubber legs, clattered down the marble stairs, and sang as he went (omitting certain words) the National Anthem of his dormitory.

The Ophidian, now alone, sat for several moments blinking his mild eyes, and revolving that eternal question, whether it pays or pays not to be a good sport. At length he opened a brainy-looking book and settled into a fierce perusal of its contents.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bill was racing out of Cambridge into Boston. Seated well back upon his shoulders, he drove that grumpy little car of his through the traffic at Central Square, without killing anybody, and the next moment, honking muckers right and left, he shot into the smooth way to Harvard bridge.

At the boulevard, instead of easing to that dangerous crossing, he took it at full speed, and narrowly missed connections with a large van. His only response to the call was a grin which slowly enwreathed his brown face until you saw an edge of his parian teeth. He wrapped his long fingers about the wheel, and turned something. His machine, at that, gave a little jump; and he was on the famous bridge—now sizzling past every car in the way like some red demon with a smoking tail.

Towards the middle, where the bridge converges to a mere footpath, he slowed up tentatively, and just in season, as he found, to spare the bones of his Latin professor, who was tramping out in rather absent-minded emulation of the poet Longfellow. Mr. Bill sat up and waved a semaphoric apology.

And the next moment he had rolled off the bridge into Boston. Here he coaxed his modern Bucephalus into a pace very little exceeding the speed limit, and gave his whole attention to his appointment with the girl. Delicious visions floated up with the steam from his radiator.

One curious thing about their talk over the 'phone, as he remembered it, was the girl's apprehension. Of what, he couldn't say. It was just apprehension.

"Restless in her composesures," thought Mr. Bill, in his pretty way.

He swung into Commonwealth Avenue. And it was here that he discovered in himself a peculiar phenomenon: his heart was pounding like his engine. Not being able to prevent this conjunction, he yielded wholly to it, and began privily to examine the girls who idled in the Reservation. He wondered if they too were come there to meet and be met. Now he could see the spot—a certain tree in front of a certain house.

Mr. Bill was nothing if not dramatic. As he approached the meeting-place, he tilted his brown face up; and was apparently steering by the heavens, when he ran quick in beside the curb, and brought his car to a violent standstill under the appointed tree. Here, first thing, without looking down, he made his engine purr comfortably, and then, at last, directed his full eyes upon the girl—where she might well have been, that is to say, but was not.

She simply wasn't there. Nobody at all was there. Only Mr. Bill, and he was looking sick. He whistled, however, because it was a serious matter, to be thus played with, and there was, besides, a little old inquisitive lady toddling up, who would probably see through his discomfiture, and feel sorry for him, if he didn't whistle. So he whistled, and in the midst of his whistling, took out his watch. That of course explained it: he was several moments early.

He undoubted himself, and, uprearing his extraordinary limbs, stepped forth from the car. He had exactly six minutes to pass in waiting before the given moment. And beyond that, being a wise youth, he figured some extra moments of waiting, which doubtless would bring his total moments up to thirty or forty at least.

So he took a useless turn about his car, as if the occasion required some such hoodoo, and then, nursing his lighted meerschaum, he strolled amiably off, turned at length, strolled back, and then hit off at a liberal pace toward the Public Gardens. One sweet thing gave him a sort of come-hither look, but he only whiffed her blue smoke. Another sweet thing let her dog run between his legs, so that he got entangled in the dog's chain. Mr. Bill was most adorably awkward whenever he got entangled in a dog's chain. But he possessed the greater presence of mind. Refusing to be intimate with the dog, he carefully extricated himself, and gave the little fellow a gentle but advisory push, and said: "Boojums!"

He went on a little before turning about. As he turned, his ear caught a familiar wheeze; and looking closely back, he saw a strange girl mounting into his car! Another wheeze, and he saw the car describe a semicircle into the street, and fairly spin away in distance, a little feminine shape bending at the wheel.

"Whang and piffle!" declared Mr. Bill, and involuntarily set himself running after the car. In half a moment he had reached

the spot whence it had flown. And there, pinned on the tree with a tall hatpin, he discovered a sheet of note paper. It read—

Blessed Boy Bill, you are saving my life. I'll ring you up tomorrow and tell you all about it.
Starr.

Mr. Bill was struck into a daze. His first utterance was unprintably against himself, his next against her, and then against both him and her together.

A host of questions followed. Who was Starr? Some adventures? Why had she taken his machine? Would she return it? Would she ring him up? A host of questions, all unanswerable.

Thoroughly sick and disgusted, Mr. Bill swung on his heel and walked off. He took a surface car and was in Cambridge half an hour later. As he climbed the stairs to his room, he thought of the moment when he should have to explain the loss of his car. "I'll say it blew up, exploded."

And then he thought of the moment when he should have to explain to his father. He smiled broadly. "I'll say it blew up, exploded. And Dad'll say, 'Lucky for me I wasn't in the bomb thing at the time.' And Dad'll say, 'William, you must have a new car. Something safe and sane.' Whereby methinks I see William inheriting something with all kinds of class to it, a car which is not only unsafe but decidedly insane. Not so worse," he concluded, opening his door, "for a morning's work?"

The Ophidian looked up with his mild, inquiring eyes. He wanted to know about the girl.

Mr. Bill eyed him stonily. At length he said, with a fine gesture, "The girl? Oh, the girl. She is the complete embodiment of the final realization."

And with that he slammed into his bedroom. There, in front of the mirror, he wondered how long it would take for his moustache to regain its ancient gingerbread glory. "She was an awf'ly good sport," he muttered finally. "I'll have to hand her that, anyway."

The resonant voice of his roommate recalled him. "Where's your wagon, old man?"

"Damn thing blew up," responded Mr. Bill, quite cheerfully.

This invariable reply he gave during the day whenever he was asked. Of course no one believed it. Rather, everyone respected

the cudgel-fisted liar who gave it out that way. For Mr. Bill, though a sort of triple entente of grace, charm, and exquisite inanity, was an athlete of notable grumpiness. In his freshman year he tried to pitch one of the Andover crowd over the goal posts for slugging. That romantic effort only sprained his back; it did not sprain his reputation. Whatever he said, went: as in the present case.

But near dark a circumstance contradicted him beyond all rebuttal. Certain fellows saw his car skim up Mass. Avenue, into the Square, and then off like a red streak towards the Washington Elm, with an exceedingly pretty girl bending at the wheel, like some tutelary nymph of Chaufferdom! Mr. Bill, from that moment, was a hunted animal.

To escape, he went over to Radcliffe, where, at the Agassiz House Theatre, the Idlers were giving an "Open Idler" with a play, which happened to be a muddy little satire on conditions. It was about an English girl in Radcliffe who advertised for a rich Harvard student. The English girl was all paint and pruriency, very modern. Mr. Bill sat up with open mouth. The words of her advertisement for a rich Harvard student were precisely the words of the advertisement which he answered that morning! And not only the same words the play itself might well have been reproduced from his own ignominious adventure, so closely parallel was the action. He fidgeted through the first spasm of it, and then ducked.

"Whang and piffle!" he groaned inwardly. "What's it all about, anyway?"

Who was Starr? What connection, if any, had she with this play business? Ten to one this was the origin of her advertisement. And if that were so, she was a Radcliffe girl. Incidents connected with her revolved slowly in his mind: her inexplicable advertisement, her theft, her note saying it was life or death, her sudden appearance in the Square, and last, this play in the Agassiz House Theatre. If she would only ring him up tomorrow.

"I hope to X she will," he muttered fervently.

Late, very late that night, he sneaked into his rooms. He was up early next morning, and out, before his friends could institute a formal investigation. He attended lectures, as unusual, and tried his best to concentrate. He kept resolutely at it till after eleven, when, yielding to impulses, he got up and walked out of the lecture

hall. At which the monitor drew a list of printed names from his pocket and set a large cross opposite the name, William Dare.

Forth, with leonine strides, Mr. Bill took the near route home. it was not until he learned there had been no telephone call that he knew how utterly it mattered. It wasn't the car and it wasn't himself. It was the girl. "Damn it," he grumbled, "I wish she had called up."

But she hadn't, and that was the point. She hadn't. He wondered why. Would she call him later? She might, and then, again, she might not.

He walked out to Fresh Pond and back. Still no call. He spent the afternoon at the Stadium, getting home at six o'clock, only to hear the same report: No call.

He went to the telephone. There was a chance, of course. She might call him. Why not? It was almost entirely mechanical, but he lifted the receiver off the hook. At once the familiar word rang in his ear: "Operator . . . Operator . . ." In a breath he had conceived and put a request. If anyone called, would the operator take the number down and give it to him? The operator would.

And then someone called. It was Starr.

"You can have it back now, Mr. Bill," she was saying. "Your aut'm'bile. I'm finished."

"Oh, you finished it, did you? Kinda thought you would. Where are you?"

"Hm-m-m," tentatively.

"Where are you? I'll drop in——"

"Mr. Bill," she hastened, "your car is where you left it for me yesterday, under the same tree, and I want to thank you—and—Goodbye, Mr. Bill. Hm-m-m?"

"You wonderful thing!" he cried back. "Your voice is like bells. Honest it is—like bells. Where can I see you? When?"

But there came no response. She had cut him off. And he was nearly beside himself with vexation, when the operator broke in to give her number. Instead of ringing her up at once, however, Mr. Bill called Information, and got the corresponding street address. To his amazement he found that she lived on Commonwealth Avenue at a point directly opposite the tree which had served in their assignation, and where his car now was. Then he rang up.

A little scream followed, as she recognized his voice. "You have found where I live," she moaned. "You mustn't come. Please, please stay away."

"I am coming in," said Mr. Bill, stolidly. "And I'll be there pretty quick."

He chartered an Arab taxi in the Square, and was off for Boston at a terrific speed, before he actually realized, with a throbbing heart, that another half hour would clear up this whole dark mystery. Thence onward a kind of fierce calm possessed him. He was conscious, in his boyish manner, of a certain romantic loneliness about his wild journey across the city at night, in the same old street-faring taxi which had, perhaps, a thousand times before, carried in delight those forgotten lovers who were now but Man and Wife. Rain was slanting across the window, when he looked out next; and this year's pedestrians were scudding along the wet pavements with grotesque, flying heels. Central Square, the interminable gray river, and then Boston.

So at last, with a grinding sound of iron brakes, the old taxi drew up and Mr. Bill jumped out. The rain had already ceased to fall, and the long undulating streets were sparkling with the wet. He accounted his fare, and watched the taxi roll into oblivion. He turned. Sure enough, by reason of the incalculable precision of chauffeurs, he found himself in front of the right house.

He went up and rang nervously. There came the tinkle of some far-off shaken bell. And at that his heart began striking as it were an echo of premonition. He gazed sadly across the street, and saw his car reposing under the familiar tree. That friendly spectacle affected him deeply, and he was yearning to be off with his little playmate, when a latch clicked and the door fell away before his pressure.

Stepping quickly inside, he looked up, and beheld, at the top of dim stairs, a shadowy female figure. Was it Starr? He ran up two steps at a jump. It was only the servant.

"Good evening," said Mr. Bill, with that politeness which may inspire a servant to be of use. "I want to see your—mistress. I mean—Starr—if you know——"

"I am Starr," the servant replied, mellifluously disdainful, "and if you don't like it, you can—lump it."

"But I do like it," said Mr. Bill, aghast.

"Well, I don't care if you do. It isn't nice of you to be here against my wishes, Mr. Bill. Your car is where I said, and you should go. Hm-m-m?"

It was that delicious query at the end which aroused in Mr. Bill the indomitable ardors of a lover. He strained forward to see what her face was like. But in such gloom she was but a shadow with voice. "Please," he begged inanely, "have a heart."

"My word!" exclaimed the fluty voice, a little English as to syllabication, "you have a nerve to be coming here after I said No, and then to insist on remaining."

She retreated, as she spoke, half into the room. Mr. Bill followed, appealing dumbly.

"I say, Mr. Bill," she warned, "you know, I could jolly well bang the door on your nose."

In sorrowful capitulation, he promised, "I'll go, if you'll let me see you first."

She touched a button. The light came on. And there, confronting him, was an insolent, frumpy creature, with chalk and vermilion smeared across her face.

Mr. Bill was shaken through. The spell was gone. This girl, he admitted, without further parley, was capable of all and more than he could ever tax her with. And he felt, besides, as if he'd seen her on a previous occasion, exactly as he saw her now. He laughed foolishly and cleared his throat for action.

Meanwhile, an opposite change had appeared in the girl's face. It was now with the bright glances and the shy tones of delighted admiration that she queried—

"Are—are you really Mr. Bill?"

"I am that," he assented grimly.

"Oh," was her breathless response. "Then come right in. I must apologize for having been so inhospitable."

And she swept away before him with a charm that served but to contrast the sickening daub of her face. Mr. Bill stood irresolute and motionless in the doorway. He felt awfully sick.

"Mr. Bill," she cried, "aren't you coming in?"

"I guess I'll be going," he mumbled.

"*What?*"

"I have to go," he explained, with averted eyes. "You know,

the hour exams are on—on. It was all rather pleasant," he added, sheepishly.

"Wasn't it?" she enthused. "Oh, wasn't it?"

And she caught his expression of disgust, and burst into singing peals of laughter.

"I know what's the matter with you," she bubbled. "This—this—" clutching her side—"is not me. You know, Mr. Bill, as the poet says, 'Things are not—not—not—what I am.' Can't you see, I am all made up."

"Of course I can see," replied Mr. Bill, dispassionate, but wondering.

The girl, for a moment, was almost as solemn as he was. Then she bubbled again. "Mr. Bill, you think—think— You are so divinely stupid." She touched her brow. "This hair is not mine." she said.

Mr. Bill grew faint.

"And," the girl went on, oblivious, eager, "I am all painted up this way on purpose."

"I dare say you are," he grunted. "So are they all."

She prattled on with increasing solicitude. "And I am not English, Mr. Bill. If my accent appears Englishy, it is——"

"Because, I presume," he retorted, "you bought your teeth in London?"

"Stu—oo—pid!"

It came with a shower of bright tears. The painted girl was actually crying.

Mr. Bill coughed and withdrew a little.

"Don't go," she sobbed. "Wait a minute and I'll take off my things."

"What!" said Mr. Bill. "I don't want you to take off your things. What do you think this is, any way?"

"Oh, this horrid, old, unlovely dress," she exasperated, clawing and ripping at her bosom.

"Don't, don't take off your dress," warned Mr. Bill.

"I *will* take off my dress—if I please to." And her eyes were defiant with tears. "Besides, I've got silk underneath."

"Well," returned Mr. Bill, "if that's the sort of thing you do, you'll do that sort of thing."

"Blub, blub, blub."

"Now listen," he begged, "whatever your beauty is, or may not be, I'll think just as much of you if you keep your dress on. Stop!" he cried, seeing the fatal movement of her hands. He sprang forward. "Stop, stop, *stop!*" he implored.

"Mr. Bill," she answered, with great dignity, tiptoeing up straight and slim, "if you are a gentleman, you will let me take my dress off." And fixing her wet eyes on his, she began to fill her mouth with pins which she produced from somewhere behind.

Mr. Bill acquiesced with drawn lips. "What'll I do?" he asked in consternation. "I never saw a girl undress before."

"Come here," she called softly; and that moment her dress went slipping down.

A sudden light broke on Mr. Bill. This extravagant girl was the heroine of the Idler play last night at the Agassiz House Theatre! The selfsame English girl of the play; and here she was in her makeup—or rather half out of it. More and more at a loss, he was just on the point of crying, as so often before, "What's it all about?" when she fixed her large and thoughtful eyes upon his, and repeated:

"Come here, Mr. Bill. Now take your hanky and smudge off my face."

And while he smudged, almost delirious with emotions, which ran between expectation and sheer wonder, she made a little movement upward with both hands. Off went the hayrick hair, and Mr. Bill saw at his shoulder the prettiest imaginable face, surrounded by yellow hair—an eager, wanting-to-be-approved face, most adorably perfect and young!

"Wow!" he fairly shouted, catching up her hands. "Forgive me. I thought—Heavens! Who in blazes are you?"

She gazed up at him with flushed pride.

"Wonderful, wonderful," he murmured. "Tell me. Everything!"

She hopped away and rolled up a big chair. "Sit down first." she commanded; and when he was down, composed herself in his lap.

"My name is Starr Merriam. I am Radcliffe, a sophomore. And that"—she pointed to her dress, which lay in a circular pool on

the floor—"and that"—pointing now at her wig—"are actress things. I'll explain gradually.

"At a dance in town last year I met an oldish fellow, good looking, of course, and stacks of money, but, as I say, rather oldish. He was a married man. Listen, Mr. Bill. He was so unhappy with *her*. Out of sheer pity, and because it did him so much good, I used to let him take me out to theatres and things. I'd just love to tell you his name, but I mustn't. He's prominent. Well, this year I got poor and he offered to keep me, you know, and pay all my expenses—Why, Mr. Bill, what's the matter? Are you sick?"

"Go on," he muttered, faintly. "I'm listening."

"Well, under the circumstances," she continued, "I could do but one thing: accept the dear old boy's offer. It was an unusual relation, I suppose, for two people who didn't actually belong to each other in the conventional father-and-daughter way; and it must have been rather nervy on my part; but, after all, you know, it made the two of us perfectly happy—for a while, at any rate, until——

"One night he came up to see me—drunk. I tremble when I think of it. Dear, dear, I hardly know how to tell you what happened. I never *dreamed* of such a thing. Of course I had—several times—let him kiss me. But I didn't know men expected—things. You know what I mean. He insulted me. And—and I had to fight him. Oh the way, Mr. Bill, I had to fight him! You have no idea——

"Well, I had to get out of it some way. You might suppose, after learning so much, I would be very practical and regular, but I wasn't. You will laugh when I tell you! The Idlers were putting on a play and I was heroine. Now there was an advertisement in the play which started me off again, crazier than ever. My ad for you was same's in the play. I took it and used it. Of course I never expected anything in particular. I just went ahead, sort of hoping.

"You answered the ad. I watched you drive up and get out and walk away. I didn't like your appearance at all, and I was on the point of dismissing the whole project, when I noticed your car was like this man's car, which I drive like a streak. And when I saw that, not caring for you, I decided to steal your car. I

must have lost my head again, for I was across the street, in your car, and whizzing away, before I knew exactly what I was doing. That's not the worst of it, either. I—sold your car, Mr. Bill."

"Did you? Go on."

"Yes, I sold it to a girl for enough money to last me through the rest of the year. But then I couldn't let her have the car after I had stolen it, could I? Could I? No. I was honest and brought the car back, which makes it all right with you. But I—I have still got her money. It's a check. It's here under my garter."

She made a little movement.

"Never mind," said Mr. Bill hastily. "Go on. Tell me some more."

"Well, I have decided, rather than steal the car from you, or the money from her, I'll temporize with this man."

"Flatten me out!" ejaculated Mr. Bill.

"Do wha-at?" she puzzled.

"I mean," he explained, "I thought you had *some* gumption."

"That isn't nice," she protested.

"You know what I mean. It's like this. You have sold my car and now you've got to let it stay sold. You can't unsell it. Deliver it up to the girl and keep your money. And if the old chap bothers you, I'll punch his face. As for me, I'll get a new car from Dad. So it's all right every way."

"You blessed boy," murmured the little girl, with an impulsive bound in his lap. "You have saved my life." Her warm fingers trailed across his cheek, and paused under his chin. "Lemme kiss you," she whispered. "Hm-m-m?"

Her lips brushed his as lightly as a breeze.

"You have saved my life," she was saying next; and her voice pealed like far-off bells. "All I could honestly do, after so much, was belong to this man. Or leave the gas turned on. I had fully decided that gas was out of the question, because I was afraid, and it would be dodging my obligations. So I was going to pay this man in the usual way. That's why I couldn't see you. I was ashamed. And—I didn't *like* you till I saw your face in the light, close up. I thought you were a regular clown—the way you walk, you know, Mr. Bill. So I dressed up in my acting togs on purpose to scare you off, and somehow I never thought of *not* scaring you till I saw

your face." A little muscular shiver possessed her, as she added: "And—and then, besides, I thought Gold Coasters were sort of kind of *pimply*."

"I deny the allegation," he whispered, in a strangely wild low voice, "but I love the allegator."

"Hm-m-m?"

"I mean you are an old angel, Starr. Clipped wings, of course, but an old angel. Just enough hell in you to make you real."

Little bells of soft laughter rang in his ears. He drew a long and tremulous breath; and after that, he could think of only one thing to say—not a very wise thing—

"Let's be engaged."

And she could think of only one answer—

"Well—let's."

MID-TEMPEST

BY ROBERT HILLYER

Silently swift, over the waves, fly the clouds of the tempest,
Rent by the gale, shadowed and dark, writhing like battle-torn
banners,

Flinging a shroud out of the skies.

Thunders of summer, snows of the winter, mingle in warrior mad-
ness.

Lashing with fury the deep is awakened,

Gray are its waves, gray with the storm.

Crashing and calling, the cries of the combat,

Hurl the dim world, lonely and small, back to the chaos primeval.

Heaven and Earth, Man and his gods, vanish in vast gray twilight.

Everything flies, oceans and mists, pass like veils on the dusk-wings.

Only the wind, screaming with lust, revels above the wreckage.

Wrath of the Universe! Madness supreme!

THE THREE CARDS

BY WRIGHT MCCORMICK

AND leave a light in the window," said Maire, "for 'twill be late this night before the fair is done."

She took the tub of butter upon her shoulder and the pail of eggs in her hand and started down the hill. Her white feet twinkled along the path and she sang a song as she went:

"I know a lass, a bonny lass,
And she is fair to see.
Through all the leagues that lie between
She still is true to me—"

But when she came near the sea she stopped her song and listened to the laughter of the little waves among the rocks. It seemed to her that it was like the voices of little children calling—laughing and calling. And as she walked along she looked to find them there among the rocks and the green seaweed. But, of a sudden, her foot struck against a rock, and she stumbled. When she looked up she saw a little, old man in black, perched upon a knoll in front of her. In his hand he held three cards, and the backs of them were of strange things that twisted in and out. He was playing with them—tossing them from one hand to the other and laughing. Then he showed Maire the faces of the cards. And one was white—Maire thought she had never seen such dazzling whiteness. The second was red—a fiery red that seared the eyeballs and seemed to burn down into the heart. The third was black with the blackness of death.

The old man did not speak, but he began to shuffle the cards so quickly that Maire's eye could not follow them. Then he held them out with the backs over against her and motioned for her to choose one of them.

"No," cried Maire, "I will not choose!"

At that the little old man laughed—a high, shrill laugh that sounded like the wind upon the sea—and vanished.

And Maire went on her way toward the town. Soon she came out on a broad, dusty highway. There was no one yet upon the road, for it was very early. But, a little way ahead, she saw a pile of brush that someone had left by the side of the highway. When she came nearer, however, an old woman was sitting in the dust where the brush had been, and the wind was fluttering the rags about her thin body. Maire saw that she had three cards in her hand, and she was shuffling them. Presently she offered them to Maire, but again Maire said:

"No, I will not choose."

For a great fear was upon her.

Then the old hag rose to her feet—and her laugh was like the wind shrieking in the trees at night. She threw the cards into the air, and two soared far and high like little birds. But the third fell at Maire's feet. And she looked down and saw that the card was red. It lay upon the road like a living pool of fire, and it seemed to swell and grow as if it would envelop her. And Maire cried:

"No, no! I did not choose!"

And she ran toward the town.

At the fair that afternoon Maire displayed her butter and eggs for sale. There were many who came to buy—but there was one—and he was tall and fine and the brown of the sun and wind was on him—he did not buy. But he leaned across the tub of butter and whispered to Maire:

"Will ye not sell me a kiss instead of eggs, my sweet colleen?"

And, with that, he caught her hands and kissed her on the lips.

That night the little waves were laughing and calling all along the shore. And, on the hill, a lamp was burning in the window of the little house. It cast a small, wavering ray out upon the path that led down to the sea. And all night long the sea called, and the light of the little lamp groped along the empty pathway.

FROM A COLLEGE ROOM

BY C. G. PAULDING

I.

A GREAT deal of smoke, a great deal of electric light, a great many men sitting around tables: the first Freshman smoker.

There are three speakers tonight. The first tells you to play football, the second to join the Union, the third to aim at "class unity."

An orchestra plays rag and you break ginger ale bottles to show your spirit.

Tonight there are real "movies," almost as good as you can see in real theatres along Washington Street. The longest is a splendid one which tells about a wife who remains faithful in spite of great temptations (shown at length amid enthusiasm), which shows an overworked husband who suspects her, and beautiful scenes at a fancy dress ball.

She is to have a child, and is seen looking at the clothes she has prepared for it. This is most effective and brings forth much laughter and jokes. It is such a success that she does it three times, and her husband once, and the clothes are made the *mise en scene* for the final reconciliation which is effected amid loud guffaws.

A cheer is led for '18. It is all over.

All over. All that you are to aim at, all that you are to love, has been shown in one evening,—athletics, bad pictures, bad music, ideals misunderstood and turned into mere rubbish, smoke, ginger ale, noise, marriage troubles as a subject for study, having children as a subject for mirth.

Not a word about God, or heaven, or hell, or calm, or faithful work, or duty to your parents.

And we are told there will be many more. And perhaps the pictures will be even better.

It is now half-past eleven. The evening is over. It is too late to work. Somebody in a nearby room, I think the one with the many banners, has been moved by the entertainment to sing a college song.

Many are exhilarated by this glimpse of college life. Others are a little sad.

2.

FROM my window I see two poplars; just above them the sky is of the palest shade of blue, and a cloud is of the palest pink. But they are quiet and rich in leaves and green. Just to the left of them is a wooden church tower; and hiding most of them is a wooden dome, of dusty red shingles! under it is a tenement, yellow, black, and slate colored. Children are in the street. A wagon is going by. The air is misty with smoke and dust.

While I have been writing this, the blue of the sky has turned to slate; the cloud has disappeared; I have had to turn on the light.

I am thinking now of other poplars.

There is a skyline near Verdun, in France. A grassy pasture land which slopes up from a road. You can see the tops of two poplars which grow on the other side of the hill. You really cannot see any more of them than I, now, can see of the two outside my window. Only a hill covers the ones at Verdun, while a tenement covers mine. Now that skyline near Verdun seems the threshold of another land, and I have often started out, when the sun was setting behind it, and the sky was golden where it touched the earth, and I have walked up, determined to go on past it, through the air, to the place where the gold must be even brighter, to the source of the light.

But always, before I could reach the top, the gold faded; and a gray took its place that turned to blue, to the deep blue of night. Now, I cannot go anywhere near there. For lots of men are shooting, and fighting hand to hand, in terror.

You know the terror you feel when you are wrestling, when you are down, and a man is sitting on your head. You lose control over yourself; you fear; you fear death by stifling. And you have reason to fear, for the death by stifling is the most horrible of all

deaths, as I know, because I have heard a man die by stifling, die fighting for air, die gasping, like a fish thrown down on the dock.

Well, those men who are fighting under the two poplars, across the sea, are feeling just the same physical fear, and are fighting for life just as the man and the fish fought for air, just as frantically. All around them, all the time, men are cursing, and screaming, and to have people shouting around you as you fight is maddening.

It is entirely dark now. I have to wait a little, before my eyes, accustomed to the light, can make out the two poplars outside my window.

THE SONG OF THE STEAM SHOVEL

BY THACHER NELSON

Mine is the song, the song, the song,
In steam-spat sentences,
In a rasping grind, the tongue of my kind,
My engines' cadences.

I lunge, I clank, I snatch and yank
My iron-toothed bucket of clay.
I swing its drip from my steel-jawed grip,
And the dump cars roll away.

In the jerk and broil, through the reek of oil
You can catch my cable's clank.
Where the arc lights spit in Gatun's pit,
I jab my fangs in the bank.

Mine is the work, the brown wet work,
In the throb of the engine's strength.
From sea to sea, I change for ye
A voyage to a ditch's length.

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EDITORIAL

THE YOUNG ASSISTANT

A YOUNG instructor is one thing; he may be a genius. A young assistant is quite another thing; his value is unknown.

Before a university employs a young man as a regular member of its teaching staff, it is very apt to require certain credentials. The young man must have proved his ability not only as a student, but also as a teacher. He must not only have a measurable quantity of knowledge, but he must be able to give at least a reasonable amount of that knowledge to others. He must not only know how to criticize the work of notable "authorities," but also (and that is far more difficult) the work of a mere tyro.

That is why a university is very apt to require a young man to teach for a year or two in a preparatory school. The preparatory school (where the "foundations" are laid for all future "development") is a very convenient place to try out teaching material. If the young teacher is a failure, only the preparatory school is blamed for inefficiency. The university still holds high its noble head. If the young teacher is a success, the university more or less graciously accepts his future services at an appreciably smaller salary than he would receive in a good city high school.

The university thus exercises reasonable care in selecting its regular teaching staff. But what about the irregular staff? What about the small horde of young assistants? Their work is certainly important. In fact, in many cases, it is quite as important as the professor's own work.

The assistants are entrusted with marking papers. Why? It takes a very experienced, or a very specially talented man to mark papers justly. Listen to a number of older professors explaining their systems of markings. Do they all agree? Can just marking be reduced to a science that any young man can learn from books? Certainly not! Some professors care very little for a paper that repeats their own words like a dictaphone. Others put a premium on accuracy of fact, and make very few allowances for generally intelligent handling of a subject. Now, if experienced professors disagree, what of inexperienced assistants?

The assistants often help the members of a course with their theses. Do theses require expert reading? Or can they be judged by rule of thumb and book knowledge? The questions answer themselves.

We could often dispense with the lectures of certain older professors; a younger man, profiting by their scholarship could often give a far more entertaining lecture. But we most emphatically cannot dispense with the older professors' markings, and their help with theses. We need their years of experience to judge the real value of papers, and we need their experience to broaden the work of preparing theses.

It seems to be a principle that the older a man grows in teaching, the less bothersome detailed work he should be given. But it is just the detailed work that needs experience. And it is just the handing of this detailed work to young assistants who have not even had a preparatory school experience, who are still immersed in books and apt to be rigid disciples of fact, who are the least qualified for their work of any members of the faculty, it is just this turning upside down of all real values that works a tremendous injustice.

The young assistant as a marker of papers and theses is an evil just because he is young. The old professor as a mere lecturer is an evil just because he is old and we need his age for other things.

R. D. S.

AND THE PROFESSORS

"O little bugs have bigger bugs that jump on 'em and bite 'em,
And big bugs have bigger bugs, and so, ad infinitum."

Thus, the large and magnificent denizens of the gold coast fling pennies at the small fry of the street, and draping themselves over the windowsill or about a convenient lamp-post, shout "scramble," and enjoy the ensuing riot. Later, the larger and more magnificent professors-of-large-courses place a thin strip of paper upon an inconvenient wall, and leaning back in their armchairs, or draping themselves over their desks, exclaim, "At the end of the hour you will please find . . ." and they, too, enjoy the ensuing riot.

R. G. N.

DEAD OPERA

Cheap opera has failed in Boston. Despite the unprincipled "boosting" of the critics, it has failed, and it deserved to fail.

Sopranos—contraltos—*je vous baise les mains*. But who on earth wants to hear a fifth rate tenor and an unpractised bass go through the cubic gestures of *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, *Faust*? The thing is absurd on the face of it.

With a few of the excellent women of the Boston company to help, we could give better opera here at college than we've been given at the Boston Theater.

N.

Somehow, the first notice of a scholarship that we ever get is the announcement that it has just been awarded to Miss So-and-So of Radcliffe.

Why is it so hard to get into the Union?

NEXT!

Harvard men have been accustomed to pointing out with well-founded pride that theirs is the broadest, the best rounded-out university in the country. The curriculum at Harvard is, no doubt, of the most comprehensive, ranging as it does from Egyptology to Zoology; from Government to Accounting; and the horizon opened up to those who would see is as far reaching as the curriculum itself.

Our faculty includes names of world-wide reputation; our library is one of the most complete; our Freshman dormitories are a triumph and a glory in themselves, and our football team—but enough of that. The graduates of Harvard have a reputation for lasting interest, manifested largely by financial support, and it is for the most part through their generosity that we have been able to add to our equipment dormitories, laboratories, and the new library.

But in the midst of this splendid era of improvement, one want has continued to cry itself out, unheeded. It is more than a want, it is a necessity, for reasons that are only too obvious. It is the only want that has been recognized, and a remedy attempted, by the undergraduates.

Will some kind person please give us a gymnasium?

G.

The MONTHLY is glad to announce the election of J. Garland and Wright McCormick, of the Class of 1915, to the editorial board, and the election of W. H. Shattuck to the position of circulation manager.

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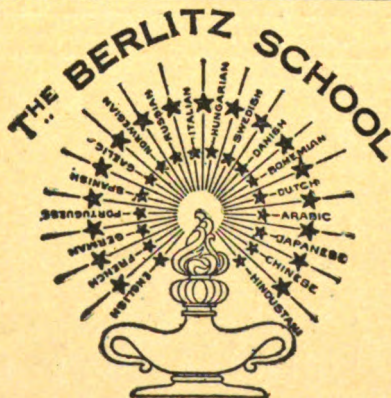
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APRIL, 1915

MEETING THE JINGOIST

BY

R. W. CHUBB

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VOL. LX

No. 2

THE HARVARD MONTHLY

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FOUNDED IN 1885

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and verse written by students in the University**

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A STUDENT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

By E. WENTWORTH HUCKEL

THERE have been many notable examples of public men who were also men of letters. Colonel Higginson's life was a struggle between these poles.

His place in New England letters attracted me to him. With Charles Eliot Norton and Frank B. Sanborn, both of whom I had the fortune to meet and visit at their homes, he was the last of that historic group which bridged the present with the days when Emerson was stirring the world with his popular philosophy and slavery was ringing her bell of warning. He had been one of that coterie which helped create our foremost literary period—Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Parkman, Motley, Prescott. And he had taken part in our great Civil War.

If a man's fame were to rest on character rather than achievement, Higginson would be better known. He possessed the possibilities of more than he accomplished. Clergyman, statesman, soldier, and writer, he had ambitions in all these fields and a character well fitted for them.

Of ancient New England lineage, the memorials of his family were among the things he most treasured, and he preserved them in his home and in his mind. He was democratic; kindred tastes and endeavor were an open sesame to his friendship. He was most generous in his allowances. All matters intellectual were his hobby; to tread that path was to merit his assistance. What he could not

inside most human beings is apt to be smothered or starved to death in the course of middle life. As long as he is still alive we have, most of us, the key to understanding Euripides." To understand a play fully, moreover, it is necessary to see it performed. There is a certain coldness, a forbidding quality about the printed form of a play—especially a poetic drama—which does much to hinder us from reaching its true dramatic significance. This is perhaps even more true when we must deal with dramatic devices and conventions so remote from our time and feeling as the gods and the chorus. Before seeing Mr. Barker's performances there were undoubtedly many who thought of the Greek drama as a rather stiff ritual conducted by white-clad puppets. This price we have been forced to pay for the notion of "classic serenity" with which scholars and pedants have for centuries deceived the layman. "Classic serenity" thus became an ideal of pedagogues and theorists. But when we treat the Greek poets as we treat modern writers, listening to them for their meaning to us, we discover that Greek tragedy is conceived not in marble, but in fire. And Mr. Barker has doubtless convinced many people that a Euripidean tragedy is as well worth performing and seeing performed as is a play by Shakspeare, Ibsen, or Mr. Shaw.

The plays which Mr. Barker chose for performance stood in rather striking contrast to each other. The "Iphigenia in Tauris," as Professor Murray tells us, is a Greek romance, though it is distinctly tragic in the character-portrayal. On the stage it is a thrilling story of adventure, the principal incident of which is a recognition scene which Aristotle praised above all others in tragedy. This was, to be sure, due to its ingenuity and cleverness rather than to its genius; but it is nevertheless a scene of rare power. The whole play, moreover, breathes throughout the atmosphere of the sea, the home of Greek romance and adventure. The character of Iphigenia, the principal figure of the drama, is particularly well conceived.

"The Trojan Women" is a sombre and in many ways a puzzling play. It is perhaps the last that one would have chosen for the performance in Greek of a typical Greek tragedy. It is without plot, without variety, merely a profound study of a great situation

seen from all angles. It has even been said that it is without unity, but: "Where," says a noted French scholar, "do we find greater unity than in a subject like this?" This criticism implies a misunderstanding of its dramatic motives. Nevertheless, a play is great by virtue of the merits it possesses, not of the faults it lacks. And "The Trojan Women," through its remarkable truth and sincerity, has of late been recognized as one of the loftier utterances of a truly great spirit, even if, in the conventional sense of the word, it is not a play. Its meaning to us is always vital; but it is especially so just now. It has remained for Euripides, a thundering voice out of the remote past, to do for us what newspaper reports, poems, statues, and other dramas have utterly failed in doing; to make real to us the horror of war and the glory of true heroism and noble suffering—not only in the war which humanity is waging now, but in that of all times and nations. The audience as a whole apprehended the message of "The Trojan Women," and were silent. And surely one of the noblest functions of Tragedy is to make real to us that life with which we toy. "The Trojan Women" must have been a shock to Athenian audiences after the splendid "Septem versus Thebes" and the "Persae" of Aeschylus.

Gilbert Murray has, as is well known, rendered the lines of Euripides into poetry which is in every way worthy of the original. He has set out to do justice to Euripides in making the plays actable and at the same time preserving their poetry. As a result, he has sometimes, as far as we with our very imperfect modern knowledge of Greek can judge, improved upon Euripides at his worst; on the other hand, it is possible that he sometimes falls short of Euripides at his best. And not the least remarkable feature of these translations is their nearness to the spirit and even to the exact words of the text. Their liberties, which undoubtedly exist, have been grossly exaggerated; and even these are legitimate liberties of interpretation. Euripides, if you will, in the hands of his greatest interpreter; but nevertheless Euripides in all essentials.

Mr. Barker's productions have been the subject of considerable controversy. As is well known, Mr. Barker believes in making his productions emotionally, rather than archaically, correct. The result was in this instance distinctly puzzling. No such Greek temple

as we beheld ever existed. Thoas and his soldiers created untold delight among the more exuberant in the audience. Some felt that the "futuristic" attendants of Iphigenia looked more like masquerading dominoes than Taurian acolytes. The gods reminded us, though not till days after the performance, of the Indians who keep such faithful watch over our cigar stores. The chorus, too, gave rise to a variety of witty comments. But those who went prepared to see a living drama rather than a Greek tragedy were, in general, delighted at the emotional fitness of the whole scenic effect. The "Iphigenia" was cast in light barbaric colors; "The Trojan Women" in ashen gray and royal purple.

As for the dramatic performance, the standard was here too, very high. Although the acoustics of the performance were not well and scientifically arranged, those who were blessed with good seats found the delivery in all respects good. Perhaps Miss Herne, as Cassandra, reminded us of Ophelia rather than of the heroic prophetess beloved by Apollo; perhaps there was, at the arrest of Astyanax, an outcry a little too shrill and protracted, bordering on the ridiculous; perhaps Thoas was a little over-enthusiastic in his roars; these are but details. For, to those who could listen and enjoy listening, the performances were in general, moving and satisfying to a just degree. Among other things, several lessons were learned. The *deus ex machina* was seen to be a device of beauty, which, like the chorus, raises the plane of the drama from the real to the ideal. The messenger's speech was a most spirited and exciting little drama in itself. Even the prologue, with all its remoteness, was made interesting in performance; the prologue to "The Trojan Women" proved to be a most impressive and atmospheric prelude to that drama of tears and the sword.

The significance of Mr. Barker's performances cannot be overestimated. They should mark only the beginning of the death blow of classical pedantry and the restoration of Greek tragedy to its real place in our life.

Performances in Greek undoubtedly have their great advantages for us who have had the privilege of study of Greek tragedy in the original, and Greek will always move us more than English. But such performances will always have a limited appeal. Those of us

who love Greek literature and believe in its significance will always welcome and regard as praiseworthy a performance in English. All translations, it is true, are not so fine as Professor Murray's, and even he, it is said, has been comparatively unsuccessful in his translation of Sophocles. Nevertheless, if the movement is started, it is possible that we shall suffer from an abundance rather than a scarcity of translators. Eventually, it is to be hoped, Aeschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles will hold their definite place on the English-speaking stage as surely as do the great modern dramatists.

SONG

BY ROBERT HILLYER.

O crimson rose, O crimson rose,
Crushed lightly in two little hands;
A child's soft kiss was in your heart,
A child's warm breath was in your soul.

The child is gone, O crimson rose,
And stained and hardened are the hands,
And who shall find your golden heart
And who shall kiss your withered soul?

Happy are you, O crimson rose,
But I have stains upon my hands;
You died with kisses in your heart,
I live with sorrow in my soul.

THE KING

BY E. ESTLIN CUMMINGS

THAT evening Jimmie went to bed with Reginald, as usual. Reginald is an elephant, carved out of wood, and, though he's so small that he nearly gets lost in Jimmie's pocket, he is given nearly one third of the pillow because his trunk and tusks stick out. But Jimmie doesn't mind; because he, Jimmie, loves Reginald more than anything else in the world. Every night, with his own hands Jim tucks the bedclothes snugly around his friend, making sure that Reginald has his trunk out and can breathe freely.

On this particular evening, the elephant's master had eaten extra much (because it was Thanksgiving), and had got to bed and to sleep almost at the same moment; forgetting entirely to look out for his pet. Now as it happened, Reginald's trunk was under a sheet, three blankets, and a comforter. No elephant, not even an Indian elephant, can feel comfortable under such conditions. It really wasn't surprising, then, that in the middle of the night, Jimmie should seem to hear a voice saying: "My nose is suffocating."

That Jimmie turned to Reginald is the most natural thing in the world. Sure enough, the elephant was buried from sight. Jimmie rescued the trunk, and Reggie gave a long sigh of relief.

"It was very hot," he said.

"I'm sorry," Jimmie answered, politely. "I musta forgot to tuck you in nicely, Reggie."

"Oh, I've been in hotter places," said Reggie. (He was always a cheerful elephant.)

"I've never heard you talk before. You talk through your nose, don't you?" Jimmie said.

"Of course," said Reggie proudly. "I'm an aristocrat."

"Dad's a D. U.," said Jimmie promptly. "Do you know him?"

"Only slightly," answered Reginald, suppressing a chuckle. "He broke my neck."

"It was an accident!" cried Jim. "Dad said he was very sorry afterward. He had you mended nicely, you know."

Reginald frowned. When an elephant frowns (even a wooden elephant), he puckers his trunk, and looks lovely. "I've had rheumatism for two years as a result of that glue," he observed. "But to change the subject: were you ever in India?"

Jimmie was fascinated at once. "No. What's it like?" he asked.

Reginald lay back on Jimmie's pillow, and sighed, closing his eyes, and putting the end of his trunk in his mouth, because he was thinking of old times. "Awfully fine place," he said. "Do you know kings?"

His master thought for a moment. "Only in books," he said at last.

Reggie's trunk twitched scornfully. "Books!" he snorted. "I mean real kings, with crowns, and sceptres, and prerogatives."

"What's a prerogative?" put in Jim; but Reggie looked at him severely, and said, "You'll know when you grow up. Don't interrupt."

"Long ago, I was made for a king," Reggie continued. "He was a very mighty king, I tell you. He had a crown of pure gold, that sagged on his head, and a sceptre of solid silver, and a thousand elephants. When he lay down, ten black slaves fanned him with peacock fans, and when he got up, ten brown slaves bathed him with precious perfumes. He had three hundred slaves in his palace, which was the most wonderful palace in the world. It was made of bronze, all shiny. In the daytime it shone like fire, and at night the moon made it look white. There were a hundred rooms in the palace, and a thousand windows set with jewels. In every room the tables were of ivory, like my tusks, only whiter. The ceilings of the rooms were carved to look snaky."

"Every day, when the gongs in the village struck noon, the king went to bathe in the sacred river. And this is how he went to bathe: he rode on a cream-white elephant, the tallest elephant in the world. The tusks of this elephant were hung with pearls, and on his forehead he wore a crimson pad with the king's initials done in rubies. He carried on his back a little house called a howdah, all made of

shining copper; and on each ankle he wore big brass bells that made queer music when he moved. The king rode in the howdah; and a yellow slave held a blue umbrella over the king, because it is really very hot in the daytime in India. A man with an orange-colored cloth wound around his forehead sat on the elephant's neck, and stuck a sharp pole made of gold into him, just behind his big ears,—for that is how elephant's are steered.

"Every night, when the monkeys in the jungle climbed up to rest in the tree-tops, and the tigers stole abroad, the people gathered outside the palace and sang a long prayer to the king (for that is the custom), telling him that he was a great king, and the son of a king, and that his prerogatives should be guarded forever and ever."

"What had they done?" Jimmie interrupted.

Reggie, the elephant, looked at Jimmie haughtily (which means very proudly indeed). "Prerogatives, I may as well tell you, are not people," he said. "They are the rights which the king has, to rule and command always. Kindly don't interrupt again."

Jimmie felt very small, and kept very quiet, while Reginald went on with the story:

"I was made, as I told you, for the king. The best workman in the kingdom carved me from a hard black wood called ebony, and gave me my tusks of true ivory. Then he presented me to the king on a platter of teak-wood, and the king graciously accepted me, and hung me around his neck, on a chain of smooth gold inlaid with rubies. I hung upon the young king's heart."

Reggie paused. Elephants are not usually emotional; but, as Jimmie said to himself, India is a great way off, and he, Jimmie, had been made homesick by a two days' visit at his aunt's, just across the street! Reggie recovered himself soon, and proceeded in a calm voice:

"One day, the king was sitting on the back of the cream-white elephant (for the king was returning from bathing in the sacred river), when he saw a girl standing by the roadside, and this girl was very beautifully young. The king spoke to the man who sat on the cream-white elephant's neck, and the man struck the cream-white elephant on the nose, and cried: "Cease!" and the elephant stopped. Then the king came down from the howdah, by means

of a ladder of bamboo, and stood by the girl, who knelt at his feet with her forehead touching the ground, as is the habit of the people. Then the king took off from his neck the chain of gold inlaid with rubies, and he threw it over the girl's head, and the people shouted. Then the girl and the king went up into the howdah, and the procession passed on.

"So," said Reggie, "I came to lie upon the heart of a queen."

So that was how a girl became a queen! Jimmie looked at Reginald with awe.

"They loved each other and were very happy, the king and the girl," Reggie went on. "I know, because I could feel her heart beat when the king spoke to her. And the king kept growing richer and mightier and younger every day. But at last, something terrible happened. Another king, who was said to be very great indeed, and who lived far, far off, had heard of my king's wealth; and wanted it, and was coming to take it away. All this was talked of in the villages; and my king had dark circles under his eyes, because he loved the people and his queen better than anything else in the world. And because his queen was so young and innocent, he commanded that all the doors of the palace should be shut, and that no one should even whisper in the queen's presence that anything was wrong. She lived in the central room of the palace, and by day white fountains cooled her, and by night, little shivering stars spoke to her through the carved ceiling; but she knew nothing of the world outside.

"One morning, the two kings had a great battle, a battle such as never was; for listen—the soldiers of the strange king fought with sound and with fire. Yes, they had tubes of iron, and out of these Death leaped with a roar. Our men fell everywhere like flowers. The king rode forth upon the cream-white elephant, upon the tallest elephant in the world; and the cream-white elephant came back shrieking, and red with the blood that he trampled. Then the king dismounted, and went toward the palace. And as the king went toward the palace, he saw in the road a little dusty snake; and he trod upon it, and the little dusty snake bit the king in the heel. Then the king went into the palace, with a smile, because he knew that he was going to die (and that is how kings behave); and the men who

guarded the palace saluted him, because they knew that they were already dead. The king took a ring from his third finger and gave it to the general of the guard, and the general kissed the ring, and a tear fell upon the scented dust of the marble floor. Then all the doors of the palace were triple-barred, and the king passed into the central room. He sat down beside the queen, and kissed her; and she smiled up at him. The room was fragrant, for she was plaiting a garland of meadow flowers. The king drew back the dark hair gently from her face, and caressed her, while she, smiling, wove the flowers.

"Suddenly the general of the guard fell across the threshold; and the room became full of strange men, with red hands and white faces. A tall man, who seemed to command the invaders, stepped forward with a red sword in his hand; and there was silence. The king had put on the crown of flowers; and he arose, smiling. Lightly he lifted the chain of gold inlaid with rubies from the queen's neck, and threw it at the feet of the stranger. And the young queen pouted. Then the king raised his hand, and a dove swooped from the ceiling and alighted upon the third finger of the king. The king put the dove into the queen's hands; and she bent her head to kiss it. And as she bent her head, smiling, with a little dagger he touched her young heart. Then he knelt at her feet, and he died; and the dove flew upward."

There was a very long silence.

Reggie said at last: "Thus I, who have awakened upon a king's breast, and slept upon the heart of a queen, and yet escaped, am come after many years to be almost suffocated"—he turned to Jimmie—"beneath the blankets of your imperial highness."

"Oh, don't!" Jimmie cried, burying his face in the pillow, beside Reginald's left ear. "I'll tuck you up myself every night, Reggie, nicely; I will."

And Reginald seemed to answer—something which is surely very extraordinary for an elephant to say, even when he has consorted with kings and queens—

"James! don't cry, dear. It's mother."

And Jimmie woke up: Reginald was beside him, and his mother was bending over him, saying,—“Wake up, boy; it's only a dream!”

THRENOS

BY ROBERT HILLYER.

Why sing the harmony of the spheres?
'Tis distance gives the stars their peace;
Discordant is the Universe,
And Life is strife, an endless strife,
And when that ceases Life must cease.

Between two lovers only one
The sacred fire really bears,
The other pities or contemns,
Why sing the harmony of the spheres?

The sorrows strong men seem to bind
In the secret nights find their release;
Tormented souls have outward calm;
'Tis distance gives the stars their peace.

We always strive and always fail,
Mere puppets, who in vain rehearse
A part we never can perfect,—
Discordant is the Universe.

In every joy that we attain
Lies hid the penitential knife,
Joy against grief, hope and despair,
For Life is strife, an endless strife.

We call this, virtue, and that, crime,
Not knowing that all Being's lease
Hangs in the balance of them both,
And when that ceases, Life must cease.

Why sing the harmony of the spheres?
'Tis distance gives the stars their peace,
Discordant is the Universe,
For Life is strife, an equal strife,
And when that ceases, Life must cease.

MONTAIGNE AND THE MODERN AGE

BY ROBERT STEWART MITCHELL.

"Whatever falls out contrary to custom we call contrary to nature, but nothing, whatever it be, is contrary to her."

A GREAT man will mean many things to many people; a supremely great man will mean many things to many ages. As time hurries on, the interpretation of the heroes of the race must vary with the tastes and needs of generations; Caesar, once the idol of the Holy Roman Empire, in our own time stands for that force, which, sooner or later in all independent nations, threatens popular self-government. Thus is it with the world's great artists: successive ages judge them in the light of their own aspirations and ideals, and, in the everlasting re-discovery of truth, endeavor, sometimes unconsciously, to apply their teachings to specific needs. History shows that many of the most glorious of European epochs have been occasioned by the resurrection of the tradition and accomplishments of a single genius,—that the past is an almost exhaustible store of wisdom and achievement.

Ours is an age of violent convictions. Care-free and skeptical as we may seem at first, we most of us have minds made up behind our pose of nonchalance, and, if baited, will express opinions of incredible ferocity and bigotry. We seem to be deluding ourselves with the notion that the individuality will find its highest form of being in identity with some cause, usually no matter what; and he who is not tagged as pessimist or optimist, conservative or radical, pro-German or pro-British, is presumed to be adrift upon the planet, devoid alike of effort and of purpose. And eventually many of us, having run the gamut of affiliations, sink into cynicism and despair, and slumber out our lives with snarls and sneers. At best the most of us become the prey of all forms of shallow thought and quackery, and live and die deluded.

True skepticism has a message for all ages. It alone of the philosophies recognizes the vast element of Chance in the working of this universe, and realizes, as a consequence, that to make a judgment is the most appalling duty of the mind. It looks on all men and all things with kindly eyes; it sees that far too often both success and failure are the fruits of accident; it knows that the labels

"right" and "wrong" are largely stuck on facts for the convenience of preoccupied intelligence; it understands that history is a chronicle of painful progress by the means of compromises between vain hopes and backslidings. Looking on life as it does, skepticism's very essence must be toleration; perhaps a little scoffing, but, at the bottom, generosity.

The greatest of all skeptics is Montaigne. For lack of prejudice his mind has never been surpassed. Born in 1533, he came into the world towards the evening of the Renaissance, that glorious expression of men's minds which went out in a twilight of despair. Of wealthy family, he was brought up tenderly on one of the great French estates, learned Latin thoroughly and studied law; went up to court; grew dissipated and then weary; travelled into Italy and was called back to be the mayor of Bordeaux and then, when only thirty-eight, retired and withdrew into a life of contemplation. Gay, open-minded and unpractical, hating business and responsibility, he lived out the remainder of his amicable existence in quiet. Of itself no life for such a busy time as ours; a life a little selfish probably; a life that only men of means can ever live.

But it is rather Montaigne's spirit which inspires us. Above all else he hated fanaticism, cruelty and falsehood; to avoid unnecessary troubles was his purpose, and he saw that the first condition of man's happiness would be his independence from his passions and beliefs. The Socratic "Nothing to Excess" was in his blood, and though saturated with the classics and loving Plutarch first of all the authors, his own writings show a formlessness which is anything but classical. He wrote much as he talked: with a delightful ease. When all the rest of France was torn by Civil War, his house alone was open to both Protestant and Catholic; too wise to be a partisan, he lived in everlasting moderation, seeing that good and evil rarely visit men except in one another's company. If he lacked the Christian virtue of self-sacrifice on one hand, he possessed on the other, an ample quantity of charity, which is "the greatest of these."

The spirit of Montaigne would be a leaven in our own life. In a day when science is supposed to dominate all things to the exclusion of what men once considered the loftier elements of their existence, the skeptic is a sort of saviour. He doubts the man who gives a simple formula for this creation as quickly as he ever did those who offered elaborate, well-rounded systems of imagination. He sees

that science, by removing the hope of ultimate solution farther from the human mind, has brought more faith upon this earth than men ever seem to dream of. He hears of a world islanded in chaos, and remembers how men once were terrified by natural phenomena they now regard with patronizing condescension. He hears of a war beyond men's wildest expectation in its scope, and smiles to think of crimes far more colossal and achievements far more noble in the future. In short, he knows the world of wonder is eternal, and he cultivates that attitude Lucretius called the only true religion—the ability to look on all things with a mind at peace.

In our own panic-stricken era the greatest need is for calm deliberation. All never goes to ruin: we may rest assured of that. But what next is to be done lies hidden often in obscurity. Just here the world's great men must stand as the interpreters of the unseen.

"Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again."

The ages of enlightenment and world-wide revelation are but few and far between as men have set them down, but a brief glimpse will often point the way out for a thousand years.

James Russell Lowell once remarked that there was enough gunpowder in the Sermon on the Mount to blow every government on earth to pieces. That such a wholesale blasting never has occurred is most important for the skeptic. He concludes that mankind lives by halves, not wholes; he sees it zig-zag down the course of time, always on its way from one excess and heading for another, but he realizes that not the extreme points reached, but the progress made is the essential thing. Thereafter he can even love a cause and laugh the very while he loves it.

For each extremely unusual, aspiring man the balance trembles long between oblivion and fame: he must either be remembered as a genius or forgotten as a fool. How, then, inquires the skeptic, shall I choose my leader? Let him rather turn his mind to quiet questioning; let him watch the harvest that men reap around him, wondering the while just how much chaff and how much grain the winnowing of ages will discover. Let him ask himself repeatedly the last great question: must men forever be enraptured with the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal?

BALLADE OF SOUL

BY E. ESTLIN CUMMINGS.

Not for the naked make I this my prayer,
That up and down the streets of life do go,
Having, save rags, no pleasant thing to wear,
Albeit the timid ways have put on snow
Against such wind as only God can blow:
Well 'ware art Thou that these have no redress,
For always in Thine eyes is all distress
Of bodies that without due raiment be;
But are there Souls in winter garmentless,
Be with them, God! and pity also me.

Not for the hungry has my spirit care,
Whether their bellies shall be filled or no,
With whom the world her bounty will not share,
Wherefore they move on feeble feet and slow,
~~Feeling dear~~ Death within their bodies grow:
Thou knowest these at pain ~~beyond~~ confess,
For sorrow never may Thy ears transgress,
Though lips be locked and pain shall hold the key;
But are there Souls whom hunger doth oppress,
Be with them, God! and pity also me.

Not for the homeless do I ask, where e'er
The lights of Hell their haunting faces show,
The legion undesired anywhere,
Whose hearts Love shall not build in,—who shall sow
And reap such loneliness as murder's woe:
Thy gracious mouth to these shall acquiesce,
Which is so very wonderful to bless
The plundered heart with joy held long in fee;
But are there Souls that know not Love's caress,
Be with them, God! and pity also me.

Envoi.

Father, for this we thank Thee without cesse:
Death is the body's birthright, as I guess,
And tears must cease to eyes that cannot see.
But are there Souls that walk in hopelessness,
Be with them, God! and pity also me.

SUNSET

BY S. FOSTER DAMON.

We sit upon the mountain side.
The wind has ceased.
Through the still air a few birds glide
Toward the blue east.

Silent we gaze down far below
Whence faintly come
The noises of the town's night glow,
A distant hum.

Lambent above, the sun's last light
In rich degrees
Glows, while rises the tide of night
Over the trees.

F O O L S

BY STEARNS MORSE

IT was Yankee shrewdness that prompted Job Williams to take Toke Cady into his household when Toke's mother died. He was wont to reply to any criticism of that action: "Well y'see, Toke's strong, if he ain't just bright. He ain't lazy, and he's got more sense than you'd give him credit for. You don't always have to be a-watchin' him. Tell him to fix fence up in the upper pasture, and he gits his tools and does it. Toke's got more sense than you'd think, and I guess I can run my own business, anyway."

Toke's imbecility had been caused, according to his mother, by the canker rash. But most people thought it was inherited. His uncle had been insane, and there were streaks of insanity all through the family. Who, in their right senses, would have named a son Tokio? At the time of which I write—a sticky, gloomy fall of not so many years ago—Toke was thirty years old, and for ten years he had been hired man to Job Williams, a grasping, driving task-master who gave him bread and a few clothes for his labor. He seemed older than thirty. He was a great, loose-jointed man with a powerful frame. He reminded you of a gorilla, for his broad shoulders were stooped, his arms long, his hands gnarled, his cunning idiotic face shaggy with gold-brown hair. His little blue eyes roved restlessly in deep sockets. He shuffled when he walked, and breathed with the labored wheezing of an asthmatic. He generally wore in summer an old brown shirt, blue overalls, heavy shoes and a dirty slouch hat. The boys of the neighboring village—whose sport it was to tease him—had it that he could run like a deer. The women feared him.

Job Williams—a large and rather brutal man whose aim in life was money, and whose chief virtue a willingness to work for that aim—treated their fear with contempt. "Damn fools," he would say. "Toke wouldn't kill a flea. Where'd I be now if it wa'n't for him? Give him a bed in the shed chamber, feed him up, wash his clothes, if he'll let you, and he'll work till he dies without liftin' a finger against anybody."

Eliza Williams, a large blonde woman with a honey-sweet voice, defended him, too.

"I know," she would drawl. "He is fierce lookin' critter, and he's horrid nasty. I do have such a time keepin' him anyways clean. But Lord knows what we'd do without him. It's a case of us goin' to the poorhouse when he does."

Toke had really never harmed anyone. Of course, it followed from that, according to practical logic, that he never would. Indeed, there was nothing in his manner which seemed particularly aggressive to those who knew him. His voice was deep and gruff and contemptuous to be sure, but he seldom spoke unless alone or with Job. He swore and shouted at the cattle and horses in a manner truly frightful. But this bothered no one except Mrs. Williams, who was always afraid that the minister might overhear him some day. Only twice in ten years had he lost his temper. Once Job Williams's best cow, a high-strung Jersey, had kicked him. His oaths, his bellows, his beating of the cow until there were great weals on her haunches, had frightened even his employer. Another time, some boys had tripped him up with a rope in front of the village store. They had luckily escaped into a neighboring house. It was then that he had gained his reputation for running as fast as a deer. Some of the boys even swore that he foamed at the mouth.

Lizzie, Job's twenty-year-old girl, laughed when his antics were mentioned. She called him a calf, and boasted in company that he was going to marry her. She told this as a joke upon herself, because she was sure that many men besides him *would* like to marry her. For most people admitted that Lizzie was a "smart" and pretty girl. Her chin was much too small to denote either a large heart or a large mind—but let that go. Her cheeks were cream and pink, the lips of her small mouth very red, her little teeth very white, her great mass of hair a glittering yellow-bronze. She was deft of motion, graceful at the dance, quick with her tongue, and not too maidenly with those who liked a certain amount of coarseness. There are many such girls in the world, and they have many admirers. So had she. She loved to tease Toke.

And Toke loved to be teased by her, enduring her petty tortures with a pleased laugh and an idiotic grin. She seemed to him quite the smartest girl in town. So she did to George Lang, who lived on the other side of the valley. And Lizzie liked George. He was

large and rather good looking; he went to all the dances and danced well. Moreover, his father was a very prosperous farmer, and he drove a high-blooded Morgan stallion. So she didn't hesitate to keep company with him, especially since he was too slow of mind to prevent her from flirting with the other fellows. Mrs. Williams, too, liked George and his father's farm. She therefore lost no opportunity to further a good match. So when she heard Job say that he guessed he'd have to get someone to help him and Toke cut the corn that fall, she had suggested George.

"What do I want of him, and what'd he think of coming here for? Ain't he got enough to do to home?"

"Well, maybe he has. But I think he'd come. You could leave that to Lizzie. She'd like to have him here, and I like to see the young folks have a good time."

"Damn 'em and their good time!" he snorted.

Nevertheless, George helped him and Toke cut corn. There were eight acres of it; it had been so dried and withered by an early frost that it was impossible to cut with a harvester. So they cut it by hand. It was the work of several days, and George stayed at the Williams's meanwhile. Lizzie, with the approval and help of her mother, made the most of the time. She flirted. She teased him, she petted him, she ignored him, she was solicitous for him, she joked with him, and laughed with him at Toke. The excitement of the process heightened the flush of her cheeks. And her coquetishness and physical beauty kindled in him what might be called love, or rather it did what the like has often done, it blinded him, and made of him a fool.

One sultry, dank night in late September they drove out of the yard behind his Morgan stallion, for the Grange. Toke was lying under the maples sullenly puffing at a dirty old pipe. Lizzie blew him a kiss as they drove out and called good-bye. Toke laughed sheepishly.

"I sh'd think you'd be afraid to do that," George said admiringly.

"Pooh! 'Fraid of Toke! Why he thinks he's going to marry me, and do you think I'd be afraid of my husband or any other man?"

She snapped her fingers flauntingly under his nose, and he laughed, pleased.

"Well, he acts mad sometimes. He was mad this mornin' when he couldn't find his hat."

"If he was mad then, you listen tonight at his door and see what happens if he ain't gone to bed when we get home."

"Why, what've you done now?"

"Um—um. I ain't telling." She tossed her head and hummed tantalizingly.

"Oh! Go on, tell me."

"You listen and find out for yourself."

"I'll bet you've hid his lamp. Now ain't you?"

"Um—um."

"Come, tell me, won't you?"

"Nope!"

"Well, don't! But I think you're mean to do things to him just to make him swear."

"You like to hear him yourself."

"Well, I sh'd think you'd be afraid. Ain't you?"

"Afraid, no! I ain't any more afraid of him than I am of you."

"Well, ain't you afraid of me?"

"No. I ain't."

He leaned over and tried to kiss her. She let him, without much pretence of resistance, and with driveling of like inanities they made their lovers' journey to the Grange.

The next morning at breakfast Lizzie kept looking at Toke, winking at George and tittering. At last her mother noticed it.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked in her sugary way. "Did anything funny happen at the Grange last night?"

"No."

"Well, what is the matter? You two seem to have something up your sleeves. Ain't they silly, Toke?"

Toke grunted and stared wildly round the room. Job Williams took a last gulp of coffee and pushed back his chair.

"Come, Lizzie, don't be a fool. I'm going out now, George. I've got to go to mill. You and Toke can go down into the field just as soon as you git your victuals into you."

When her father had gone, Lizzie broke loose.

"Sleep well, last night, Toke?"

"Ye-es," he growled.

"Real well?"

"Now come, can't you let me be?" he whined with a sheepish grin—one that he took to be fond.

"I thought I heard you grumblin' just after you went to bed."

No answer.

"Didn't I?"

Toke looked up.

"I'll bet you did that," he said, a gleam of interest appearing in his little blue eyes.

"Did what?"

"Put them ropes round my bed, so't took me half the night to git 'em untied."

"What ropes?"

"Why, them ropes. You know, you scalawag."

"I didn't put any ropes around your bed, did I, George?"

"I didn't see you."

"There, Toke."

"Dum fool!" This was Toke's term of endearment.

Lizzie laughed, opening her red lips wide. George thought her prettier than ever. She jumped up, taking the coffee pot in one hand, and giving Toke's dirty unkempt hair a sharp pull as she passed him on the way to the kitchen. Toke snarled, "Ow!" and showed his great yellow teeth in a hollow soulless laugh.

"Teases you, don't she, Toke?" George said.

"Hm," he grunted.

His laugh changed to a scowl when Lizzie, coming back, gave George's hair a pull, too. She saw him scowl, and tweaked George's ear. The scowl deepened to a frown. He muttered an oath to himself.

"Come, Toke, clear out now," said Mrs. Williams, and he shuffled heavily out of the room:

Lizzie sank into a chair shrieking with laughter. She flung back her yellow-bronze head so that George saw only the tip of her nose, her lips, and her little chin.

"Oh! Lord, ma! Toke's jealous! And jealous of George!"

Her mother looked at George, a proud smile upon her bovine face.

"Lizzie loves to tease Toke so," she said. "That girl's the limit, George. You'd ought to be glad you don't have to live with

her all the time the way I do. I'm really afraid sometime Toke'll get mad."

"Now, ma, you know he won't get mad. He's such a fool!"

George looked at her admiringly, a frank smile upon his dull handsome face.

"I sh'd think you'd really be afraid."

"What, are you?" she asked, jumping up and running toward the kitchen. "Didn't he swear like sixty last night? I'll bet you couldn't swear like that. Ta, ta."

George went out reluctantly to follow Toke.

"You're too sassy to George, Lizzie, d'ye know it?" warned her mother.

"Don't *you* fret, ma. You tend to your cookin'. George's 'almost as big a fool as Toke. Why, I can wind him right around my finger."

"Well' you'd better be careful with Toke. He acted real mad this mornin', and you remember he 'most ruined your father's prize Jersey once."

Lizzie laughed contemptuously.

Meanwhile, George and Toke were making for the field, corn knives in their hands. George's was the regular kind, with a sickle blade. Toke's was a hoe blade fastened to a short handle. It was one of his own contrivances. He was unusually glum that morning, and George thought to cheer him up by a reference to the knife.

"Do you like that hoe better'n a knife?" he asked amiably.

"Yah," growled Toke.

"I sh'd think you could hit a harder whack with it."

"I kin."

George changed the subject.

"Lizzie's a pretty cute girl, ain't she?"

The only answer was a grunt.

"Don't you like her?"

No answer. Toke was striding rapidly through the long grass.

"Teases you, don't she, Toke?"

Toke slackened his pace a little, and grumbled:

"I s'pose you think you're goin' to marry her."

"Me?"

"Um—you."

"Why, I thought *you* was."

"Well, I was. Job promised me."

"Well, then you will, of course. You don't s'pose she'd have me with *you* 'round, do you?"

("He is jealous," George thought. "I'll have some fun with him, and make him feel good, too.")

Toke stopped short and surveyed George with wild eyes.

"You're better lookin' than I be," he said.

"I ain't either. Look in a glass and see."

"Do you really s'pose she'd marry me?"

"Of course."

"Honest to God?"

"Honest to God."

Toke broke out into a low, rolling, silly laugh. His wide staring eyes, his dishevelled hair, his great mouth with enormous yellow fangs appearing from behind his thick yellow mustache filled George with a sort of disgust. Toke slowly shook his head.

"Well, p'raps she will. Come on, we won't git that corn cut sloppin' round here."

For the rest of the way to the field both men were silent. But the grin did not die from Toke's face, and now and again he chuckled to himself in a satisfied manner.

The dew of the night before lay a long time on the grass, for the sun struggled vainly to peer through the clouds. Below the men, and beyond the pasture and woodland which bordered the field, a dead mist hung over a hidden valley. A low, dark hill rose into the heavens on the other side of the valley. Above them, on the ridge of a slope, yellow shocks of corn loomed up against a copper-colored sky. In the north great black cloud masses gathered ominously. But the men noticed neither the mist nor the hills nor the clouds of the sky. Silently they strode back and forth over the field, felling the corn with powerful strokes. There was little sound save the sharp swish of their knives and the harsh rustle of the withered corn.

George had almost forgotten Toke. He was thinking of Lizzie. She was certainly leading him a dance now. When they were mar-

ried they'd have to settle down a little. But she was a great girl. "Full of the devil," he chuckled.

Toke was also thinking of Lizzie. He relied implicitly on George's word. Of course he'd marry her. They'd live there on the farm just the same, and he'd do the chores. She could pull his hair all she wanted to. Only, she shouldn't pull anybody else's hair. He wouldn't let her, and he'd be boss. Job was, over 'Liza. Perhaps he would kiss her sometimes. He grinned delightedly.

He had reached that point in his dreams when he heard a step on the stubble. It was ten o'clock, and Lizzie had brought them a jug of buttermilk from the house. George was a little behind Toke, and so nearer to Lizzie. He bared his brown throat, and wiped away the sweat from his face, for the day was warm. Toke, mouth open, watched Lizzie approach. The sweat dripped in great drops from the end of his beard. He frowned when he saw her stop at George and pour him a glass of the cool gray liquid. She ought to have come to him first, if he was boss.

But Lizzie did not come at all. Instead, she tipped the bottom of George's glass, as he was drinking, and spilled the buttermilk over his chin and down his neck. She giggled and George laughed. Then she looked at Toke.

"You can't have any, Toke."

"Why not?" He grasped his corn knife nervously.

"Because I say so. Come here, you great lummocks, if you want some."

Toke's face, which had darkened at the by-play between her and George, brightened a little at that. He came up silently and took the glass from her hand. When he had done, she drew a little nearer.

"Want a kiss, Toke?"

He grinned with pleasure, and bent his head forward to receive it. But she stuck out her tongue at him, turned her back and with daring coquetry planted a kiss on George's lips and sprang away. The sudden disappointment and that empty kiss shattered the world for Toke. Everything became a red blur for a moment. Then a mass of yellow-bronze hair loomed up before him. With a savage snarl he lunged at it with his sharp corn knife. She shrieked and fell. He glared wildly about him, then ran for the distant wood-

land with the speed of a frightened deer. It had happened with lightning quickness and before George could move. The buttermilk was slowly pouring from the jug in hideous gurgles. Lizzie was lying quiet, in a little blue heap on the brown soil.

When George reached her side she was unconscious and the blood was staining the yellow of her hair. With a bewildered shudder he lifted her carefully and bore her to the house.

When she regained consciousness hours later, he was the first one whom she saw. She looked long at him with dull eyes, then slowly shook her head. At last her lips parted droolingly in a wan smile, and she said thickly:

"I can't kiss you, Toke, you've got tobacco all over your lips."

"It's just as I thought," said the doctor. "The blade's cut through the skull and grazed the brain. She'll never be—well—quite bright."

CONRAD'S "LORD JIM"

By J. R. DOS PASSOS, JR.

A STRANGELY subtle character study is "Lord Jim." It is the story of a young man, physically clean, and healthy, and charming, almost a boy, in fact, who is by nature and breeding "one of us," a gentleman; but who, by some minute flaw, fails under strain and plays the coward. He is a mate of an old hulk of a steamer, the *Patna*, that carries East Indian pilgrims to Mecca. The boat runs into a derelict; so that her forward compartment becomes filled with water, leaving only an old rusty bulkhead, too rotten to repair, between the native passengers and drowning. The white officers and engine-room crew, who turn out to be abject creatures, prepare to slip away from the steamer unnoticed. Through pure excess of imagination, of power to visualize the horrors of the wreck he is sure is imminent, Jim's ability to act is paralyzed. At last, just as the captain's boat is pushing off, without knowing why or how, he jumps into it, and takes his place beside the cowards who are leaving the ship and passengers to

their fate. As soon as he realizes what he has done he is horrified; but there is no going back. From that moment he and all the world think him a coward.

It is with the inquiry into the desertion of the *Patna* by her officers that the novel really begins. (By a miracle, the ship did not sink, but was towed into port by a French man-of-war). The only one with the pluck to face it out is Jim; the others vanish. From there on the story is a minute study, from the point of view of Marlow, the strange character who relates it, of Jim's subsequent life. Not even Marlow, however, can really understand Jim. He is constantly perplexed. His age, his caustic analytic temperament—everything combines to prevent his being in full sympathy with the boy.

"But as to me," he says in one place, after one of his early conversations with Jim, "left alone with the solitary candle, I remained strangely unenlightened. I was no longer young enough to behold at every turn the magnificence that besets our magnificent footsteps in good or evil. I smiled to think that, after all, it was yet he, of us two, who had the light, and I felt sad. A clean slate, did he say? As if the initial word of each our destiny were not graven in imperishable characters on the face of a rock."

Not until the end of the novel, if there, does Marlow profess to understand the man he is telling about. With marvellous skill, Conrad leaves it to the reader to do that. The story ends with Jim's heroic, romantic death, still misunderstood by his friends, by the woman he loves, and by himself.

About Conrad's remarkable narrative method, nothing adequate has been written. It is so startlingly unique and so daring that one is hardly likely to give it its full credit. Or is it that its very freshness blinds us to its faults? The novel, or most of it, is told from the point of view of Marlow's strange and complex personality. With great art the close is written from the rabidly hostile viewpoint of Brown, an almost grotesquely repulsive adventurer, pirate, and cutthroat.

Chronological order is nearly entirely abandoned. The opening pages place you exactly in the middle of the story. Then the plot goes far back for a swift incident, a hint of the great turning point in Jim's life, at last returning to the chronological start of the nar-

native. The scene skips next to where Marlow is telling the story of the inquiry—"After dinner, on a veranda draped in motionless foliage and crowned with flowers, in the deep dusk speckled by fiery cigar ends. The elongated bulk of each cane chair harbored a silent listener. Now and then a small red glow would move abruptly, and expanding, light up the fingers of a languid hand, part of a face in profound repose, or flash a crimson gleam into a pair of pensive eyes overshadowed by a fragment of an unruffled forehead; and with the very first word uttered, Marlow's body, extended at rest in the seat, would become very still, as though his spirit had winged its way back into the lapse of time and were speaking through his lips from the past." Famed in this scene, it goes on, interwoven, complex, taking sudden leaps forward and back, constantly changing the point of view. But out of what would seem to be utter confusion, incidents and characters emerge with vivid distinctness, but of a haze of conjecture, of personal opinions, of interplay of personality, the characters appear gradually, becoming sharper, more actual, with each change of focus. The result is amazing, almost incomprehensible. You are dazzled by the vividness of portrayal. Jim, Jewel, the pirates and the Malays, and even the whimsical and sardonic Marlow are immensely alive.

Behind them floats an atmosphere, a vast impression of romance made actual. Tropical jungles, sunbaked seaports, the glittering blue Indian Ocean, unite to give an impression of romantic strangeness, yet of truth. Even the hideous, gargoyle-like villains, Cornelius and Brown and the crew of the *Patna*, seem as real as the horrid leering faces you sometimes see at night in the streets under the sudden glare of an arc light. The setting and the strange minor figures form a marvellous background against which moves the story, seen through the prism of Marlow's personality.

Never could enough be written about Marlow, that remarkable figure behind which the author hides his own individuality. He is the teller of "Chance," of "Youth," and of many others in that series of novels that has carried delicate analysis and realism into the field of Herman Melville and Ballantyne. The mere fact that Marlow does not lose actuality and "roundness" in the process, that

he does not become a bundle of phrases and qualities, is one of the highest proofs of Conrad's uncanny power of characterization.

Indeed, Conrad's books are staggering achievements. You start with prejudices, with dislikes, you complain of his style; by the time you have finished you are cowed, wonderstruck. There is such a wealth of humanity in them; the treatment is so subtle! It is as though you were looking at life through some wonderful instrument, a microscope that, instead of magnifying, merely refines the outlines. Out of the mists and misapprehensions which cloud the minds of the characters, the reader has constructed for him actuality;—but actuality refined upon, laid bare, as it were, made transparent.

The great joy of reading Conrad, apart from the romance of it, from the liveness of it, lies in the fact that his books act as a sort of mental grindstone. When you have finished such a novel as "Lord Jim" or "Chance," your mind feels clearer, more efficient and capable than when you took it up. Your intellectual cobwebs have been blown away. You feel as if a little of Conrad's magic elixir had penetrated your own brain. But perhaps that is a priggish, ultra-literary pleasure to take in anything so full of color and humanity. In its romance, without a doubt, lies the fascination and the greatest enjoyment of Conrad's work.

TO A CHILD

BY GRANT H. CODE.

Deep in your azure eyes,
Shaded by fringe gold-brown,
Charming child wonder lies
Under a quizzing frown;
Out of their liquid blue
Flashes a smile,
Out of the soul of you,
Made to beguile,
Even your little nose
Speaks without word,
Speaks by its dainty pose
Things never heard;
Wrinkled in merriment,
Telling of mirth;
Cunningly upward bent,
Scorning the earth;
Dear little baby lips
Parted to show
Glistening pearly tips
Set in a row;
Moist little budding rose
Framed for a kiss,

Child's mouth alone bestows
Favors like this;
Soft arms all pink and white
Round my neck press;
Child love is pure delight,
Sweet its caress;
Blue eyes smile trustingly
Into my face,
While my cheeks lovingly
Love pats embrace;
Eyes, nose, and rosy lips,
Coral ears too,
Fingers with cushion tips,
Fine veins of blue,
Dimples in knuckles set,
What need of rings?
No pearls were ever yet
Such pretty things;
When for my poesy
Such charms await,
How can I then but be
Thy laureate?

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EDITORIAL

SUMMER MILITARY CAMPS: TWO VIEWS

I

THERE has been so much discussion over summer military camps that one might think they were the first step towards compulsory military training or something equally barbaric. The pacifists seem to think that every man who spends a couple of months in one of them will be slyly inoculated with militarism along with typhoid vaccine. The patriotic students who march and countermarch on the banks of Lake Champlain aren't going to return to college in the fall and murder their room-mates with army revolvers. They may come back, however, with a little snobbery knocked out of them, with a larger sympathy with their contemporaries from other colleges—and perhaps, too, with a smattering of slang to spice their conversation!

II

Considering the unseemly social squabbles in some of the companies of Massachusetts militia, one is fully justified in doubting whether summer military camps will exert any levelling influence on the college men at all. But the question goes deeper than the mere consideration of persuading a few hundred men to be more tolerant of one another in their little insulated lives. Even from the viewpoint of the raging militarist, are summer military camps advisable?

It is perfectly patent, that, in any war in which they may engage, the United States will be compelled, at first, to rest on the defen-

sive, with what navy they may have, until an army can be beaten into shape. If England is a nation of shop-keepers, we are a continent of shop-keepers, of which one million men presentable at the firing line could be expected in no less than a year's time. Which would be the more difficult material to train: the volunteer who came in frank and utter ignorance, or the man who had just a little military dogma simmering in his brain? There is one thing worse than ignorance, and that is ignorance of ignorance.

Below all questions of expediency there lies the ultimate difference of opinion among men. There are some of us who are not unwilling to be called idealists; nor yet ashamed of being pointed out as foolish persons who are trying to live up to their beliefs. There are some of us, who, disregarding all the sophistry of county philosophers and parish statesmen, quick-firing gun advertisements, yes, even Massachusetts congressmen jockeying for 1916 nominations, there are some of us who view the proposition to teach even the rudiments of war, to so passionate and heterogeneous a nation as our own, with great alarm. Not only have armies always been a menace to democracy, but the key to our problem of preparation is the navy.

Moreover, we have yet to see the wisdom or the virtue of the whole preparedness program. If we are referred to China as a terrible example of no preparation, we turn to Europe as a terrible example of much preparation. Why isn't one conclusion as logical as the other? And those college men who have reflected must feel some doubt as to whether nationalities, the fetiches of Europe since the break-up of world-empire, are of themselves desirable for civilization, even as a means, let alone as an end. To break step and raise objections always is unpopular, but some of us are anxious to inquire just whither men are marching.

THE DUDLEY GATE

On the principle of the old proverb which runs: Never look a gift-watch in the works, we shall accept the Dudley Gate without a murmur. While some are presumptuous enough to question the utility of the clock, many, if they were to voice a protest at all, might mention other particulars. Three more links and the chain is forged, but may these last links be of gold.

BOOK REVIEW

FIVE FRONTS, by Robert Dunn. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

There are two sorts of books concerning the war—and we have not lacked large numbers of either—those that argue and those that relate. And just as we should place Mr. Chesterton's "The Appetite of Tyranny" at the head of the first class for its close reasoning and the excellence of its literary style, so we should place "Five Fronts" at the head of the second, because of its simplicity of narration and for a certain American sense of humor which, in this case, is particularly pleasing.

The author, as the correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, visited five different battle-fronts. He was, at various times, with the English, the Austrians, the Russians and the Germans; in France, in Flanders, in Servia, in Galicia and in Bukowina. Of all the correspondents it would be safe to say that he has had the most varied experiences. Mr. Dunn could doubtless fill a book with the horrors of war which he himself witnessed, but he has chosen rather to give us the lighter side, for which many, having heard of nothing but atrocities since last August, will be sincerely thankful.

Our author also tries to remain strictly neutral by the process of sympathizing with every nation in turn—the best way that we know and, indeed, the only way of remaining impartial without becoming colorless. He is at his best, we think, in describing the retreat from Mons—very high in his praise of the British, by the way, which is rather strange in an American. Most of us are inclined to be *pro-French* and to consider the English as somewhat selfish. "Five Fronts," however, can be read by anyone, no matter what his sympathies, who wishes to be at once instructed, interested and amused.

A. K. McC.



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